



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

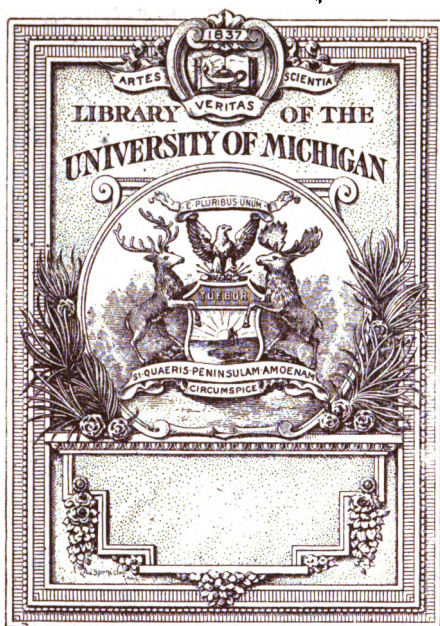
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



THIS BOOK
FORMS PART OF THE
ORIGINAL LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
BOUGHT IN EUROPE
1838 TO 1839

BY

821.2

1731

PIECES
OF
Ancient Popular Poetry.

11844

PIECES

OF

Ancient Popular Poetry:

FROM AUTHENTIC MANUSCRIPTS AND OLD PRINTED COPIES.

BY JOSEPH RITSON, ESQ.

Second Edition.

ADORNED WITH CUTS.

To make suche trifels it asketh some cunningg.

ORCLON.

LONDON

WILLIAM PICKERING

1833

244

C. WHITTINGHAM, LONDON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE first edition of this little Collection, printed in 1791, having become scarce and dear, a republication of it, with the original wood-cuts, and Mr. Ritsons additions and corrections, may not, it has been presumed, be unacceptable to the public.

It is proper, however, to notice, that for the explanation of obsolete or difficult words occurring in "Sir Peny," and elsewhere, distinguished in the "Glossary" by brackets, and, indeed, for the correct transcription of the poem itself, the present editor alone is answerable.

Stockton-upon-Tees,
21st June, 1833.

PREFACE.

THE genius which has been successfully exerted in contributing to the instruction or amusement of society, in even the rudest times, seems to have some claim upon its gratitude for protection in more enlightened ones. It is a superannuated domestic, whose passed services entitle his old age to a comfortable provision and retreat; or rather, indeed, a humble friend, whose attachment in adverse circumstances demands the warm and grateful acknowledgements of prosperity. The venerable though nameless bards whom

the generosity of the public is now courted to rescue from oblivion and obscurity, have been the favourites of the people for ages, and could once boast a more numerous train of applauding admirers than the most celebrated of our modern poets. Their compositions, it may be true, will have few charms in the critical eye of a cultivated age; but it should always be remembered, that, without such efforts, humble as they are, cultivation or refinement would never exist, and barbarism and ignorance be eternal. It is to an ENNIUS, perhaps, that we are indebted for a VIRGIL; to such writers as PEELE and GREENE, or others still more obscure, that we owe the admirable dramas of our divinest SHAKSPEARE; and if we are ignorant of the comparatively wretched attempts which called

forth the deservedly immortal powers of HOMER or CHAUCER, it is by no means to be inferred that they were the earliest of poets, or sprung into the world, as has been said of the inimitable dramatist already mentioned, like Minerva out of the head of Jupiter, at full growth, and mature.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte.

Any inquiry, it is presumed, after the authors of these fugitive productions is at present impossible. It can only be conjectured that they were written (or, more accurately speaking, perhaps, imagined and committed to memory) by men, who made it their profession to chant or rehearse them, up and

down the country, in the trophied hall or before the gloomy castle, and at marriages, wakes and other festive meetings, and who generally accompanied their strains, by no means ruder than the age itself, with the tinkling of a harp, or sometimes, it is apprehended, with the graces of a much humbler instrument. It may, indeed, be conceived that they would now and then be furnished with a superior performance from the cloister or college; as even the great sir Thomas More has left us something of the same kind.* But, however it was, they seem to have been more attentive to temporary applause or present emolument than to future

* "A mery jest how a sergeaunt would learne to play the frere. Written in hys youth (for his pastime)." See his *Workes*, 1557, and the "History of the English language," prefixed to Dr. Johnsons *Dictionary*.

fame, of which they had possibly no idea, and, while they consigned their effusions to the casual protection of an auditors memory, were totally indifferent whether they were remembered or forgotten. The consequence is that while we are indebted for those which remain to accident and good fortune, numbers have perished, not less, and possibly even more, worthy of preservation. The reader who wishes for further information concerning this set of men may find his curiosity gratified by consulting Dr. Percys very ingenious and elegant "Essay on the ancient English Minstrels," prefixed to his "*Reliques of ancient English Poetry*," and some "Observations" on the same character in a collection of "*Ancient Songs*," published [1790] by J. Johnson, in St. Pauls Church-yard.*

* Republished in two volumes 8vo. 1829.

It might naturally enough excite the surprise of the intelligent reader, that in a professed republication of popular poetry, nothing should occur upon a subject indisputably the most popular of all—the history of our renowned English archer, ROBIN HOOD. Some apology is undoubtedly necessary on this head, as the omission is by no means owing to ignorance or neglect. In fact, the poems, ballads, and historical or miscellaneous matter, in existence, relative to this celebrated outlaw, are sufficient to furnish the contents of even a couple of volumes considerably bulkier than the present; and fully deserve to appear in a separate publication.*

* The intention here intimated is well known to have been carried into effect; and the high estimation which

It would be no trifling gratification to the editor of this little volume, and contribute in some degree, he is persuaded, to the amusement of even the literary part of the public, if the present attempt should be productive of others of a similar nature. Many of our old poems, which would even now be of acknowledged excellence, are scarcely known by name. Such, for instance, are "*The wife lapped in Morels skin, or The taming of a shrew,*" "*The high way to the spittle house,*" "*The schole house of women,*" "*The unlucky firmentie,*" and some others; all or most of

"Robin Hood" has obtained is proved by its scarcity and price. An edition, enriched with the numerous additional notes, illustrations, and corrections, subsequently made by Mr. Ritson, has been lately published by the present editor.

which abound with a harmony, spirit, keenness, and natural humour, little to be expected, perhaps, in compositions of so remote a period, and which would by no means appear to have lost their relish. These pieces, indeed, are not only of much greater length than, but of a very different structure from, those in the following collection, and evidently appear to have been written for the press. The popularity of the two first is evinced by their being mentioned by Laneham (or Langham), in his *Letter signifying the Queenz entertainment at Killingwoorth Castl*, 1575, along with several others, among which are some of those here printed, as extant in the whimsical but curious library of Captain Cox, a mason of Coventry, who had "great oversight in matters of storie,"

and appears to have been a wonderful admirer and collector of old poetry, romances, and ballads.

It is not the editors inclination to enter more at large into the nature or merits of the poems he has here collected. The originals have fallen in his way on various occasions, and the pleasing recollection of that happier period of which most of them were the familiar acquaintance,* has induced him to give them to the public with a degree of elegance, fidelity, and correctness, seldom instanced in republications of greater importance. Every poem is printed from the authority referred to, with no other intentional license than was

* ——— “The age when human bliss stands still,
Enjoys the good without the fear of ill.”

occasioned by the disuse of contractions, and a regular systematical punctuation, or became necessary by the errors of the original, which are generally, if not uniformly, noticed in the margin, the emendation being at the same time distinguished in the text. Under these circumstances, the impression is committed to the patronage of the liberal and the candid, of those whom the artificial refinements of modern taste have not rendered totally insensible to the humble effusions of unpolished nature, and the simplicity of old times ; a description of readers, it is to be hoped, sufficiently numerous to justify a wish that it may never fall into the hands of any other.

CONTENTS.

I. ADAM BEL, CLYM OF THE CLOUGHE, AND WYLLYAM OF CLOUDESLE	1
II. A MERY GESTE OF THE FRERE AND THE BOYE	31
III. THE KING AND THE BARKER	57
IV. HOW A MERCHANDE DYD HYS WYFE BETRAY	69
V. HOW THE WISE MAN TAUGHT HIS SON .	85
VI. SIR PENY.	99
VII. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF TOM THUMBE .	109
VIII. THE LOVERS QUARREL: OR, CUPIDS TRIUMPH	133

ADAM BEL,
CLYM OF THE CLOUGHE,
AND
WYLLYAM OF CLOUDESLE.

THIS very ancient, curious, and popular performance, apparently composed for the purpose of being sung in public to the harp, is extant in an old quarto, in black letter, without date, "Imprinted at London in Lothburye by Wyllyam Copland," and preserved among Mr. Garricks Old Plays, now in the British Museum, whence it is here given. This copy was made use of by Dr. Percy, who has published the poem in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," with some corrections supplied by another in his folio MS. which may possibly account for the many different readings between that publication and the present, though it would seem highly probable that the MS. copy is nothing more than a mere blundering transcript, by master Blounts clerk, of the printed edition. No earlier edition than Coplands is known. It was reprinted in 1605 by James Roberts, along with "The second part," a very inferior and servile production, of which there was, likewise, an edition in 1616, with considerable variations. Both these are in the Bodleian Library.

As there is no other memorial of these celebrated archers than the following legend, to which all the passages cited, from different authors, by the learned editor already mentioned, are evident allusions, any inquiry as to the time or reality of their existence must be little else than the sport of imagination. The passages referred to are, however, unquestionable proofs of the great popularity of the poem, which in fact has gone through numberless editions; chiefly, it must be confessed, in the character of a penny-history.

The "Englishe-wood" mentioned in v. 16, &c. is Englewood or Inglewood, an extensive forest in Cumberland, which was sixteen miles in length, and reached

from Carlisle to Penrith.* A similar observation has been already made by Dr. Percy, who adds, that "Engle or Ingle-wood signifies wood for firing." But, with submission to so good a judge, it should rather seem, in the present instance, to design a wood or forest in which extraordinary fires were made on particular occasions; a conjecture which will appear the more plausible, when it is considered that the identical spot on which Penrith beacon now stands, and where a beacon has stood for ages, was formerly within the limits of this very forest;† and that Ingleborough, one of "the highest hills between Scotland and Trent," has obtained this name from the fires anciently lighted up in the beacon erected on its flat top, where the foundation, as the editor has been informed by an eye-witness, is still visible.

"Clym of the Clough" is properly explained by the above ingenious editor to mean Clem or Clement of the Valley. "Cloudeslè" seems to be the same with Clodisley

"The he was in erthe y-brought & leyd under cloudes cold."

Romance of St. Gregory, MS. Boswell, Edin.

On the 16th of August, 1586, was allowed by the stationers company to Edward White "A ballad of William Clowdisley (never printed before)."

* Edward the First, hunting in this forest, in September, 1280, is said to have killed two hundred deer. "Rex, in venatu suo, ut dicebatur, cepit tunc CC. cervos & cervas in Ingelwod." *Chronicon de Lanercost*, Clau. D. vii. Bishop Gibson, citing the same authority, adds "in one day." (*Additions to Cumberland, in Camdens Britannia*, 1695.)

† *Ibid.* and Burns *Cumberland*, p. 306.



MERY it was in grene forest,
 Amonge the leves grene,
 Wher that men walke east and west,
 Wyth bowes and arrowes kene,
 To ryse the dere out of theyr denne,
 Such sightes hath ofte bene sene,
 As by ' thre ' yemen of the north countrey,
 By them it is I meane :
 The one of them hight Adam Bel,
 The other Clym of the Clough,
 The thyrd was William of Cloudesly,
 An archer good ynough.

10

V. 6. as hath.

V. 7. the.

V. 8. as I.

They were outlawed for venyson,
These yemen everechone ;
They swore them brethren upon a day,
To Englysshe-wood for to gone.
Now lith and lysten, gentylmen,
That of myrthes loveth to here :
Two of them were single men,
The third had a wedded fere ; 20
Wyllyam was the wedded man,
Muche more then was hys care,
He sayde to hys brethren upon a day,
To Carelel he would fare.
For to speke with fayre Alse hys wife,
And with hys chyl dren thre.
By my trouth, sayde Adam Bel,
Not by the counsell of me ;
For if ye go to Caerlel, brother,
And from thys wylde wode wende, 30
If the justice mai you take,
Your lyfe were at an ende.
If that I come not tomorowe, brother,
By pry me to you agayne,
Truste not els but that I am take,
Or else that I am slayne.
He toke hys leave of hys brethren two,
And to Carlel he is gon,
There he knocked at hys owne windowe,
Shortlye and anone. 40

V. 18. And that.

Where be you, fayre Alyce my wyfe?

And my chyldren three?

Lyghtly let in thyne owne husbände,

Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

Alas! then sayde fayre Alyce,

And syghed wonderous sore,

Thys place hath ben besette for you,

Thys half yere and more.

Now am I here, sayde Cloudeslè,

I woulde that I in were;—

50

Now feche us meate and drynke ynoughe,

And let us make good chere.

She fetched hym meat and drynke plenty,

Lyke a true wedded wyfe,

And pleased hym wyth that she had,

Whome she loved as her lyfe.

There lay an old wyfe in that place,

A lytle besyde the fyre,

Whych Wyllyam had found of cherytye

More then seven yere;

60

Up she rose and walked full styll,

Evel mote she spede therefoore,

For she had not set no fote on ground

In seven yere before.

She went unto the justice hall,

As fast as she could hye;

Thys nyght is come unto this town

Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

V. 41. your.

V. 50. In woulde.

V. 62. spende.

Thereof the justice was full fayne,
 And so was the shirife also ; 70
 Thou shalt not travaile hether, dame, for nought,
 Thy meed thou shalt have or thou go.
 They gave to her a ryght good gounne,
 Of scarlat it was as I heard ' sayne,'
 She toke the gyft and home she wente,
 And couched her downe agayne.
 They r[a]ysed the towne of mery Carlel,
 In all the hast that they can,
 And came thronging to Wyllyames house,
 As fast as they myght gone. 80
 Theyr they besette that good yeman,
 Round about on every syde ;
 Wyllyam hearde great noyse of folkes,
 That heyther-ward they hyed.
 Alyce opened a ' shot '-wyndow,
 And loked all about,
 She was ware of the justice and shirife bothe,
 Wyth a full great route.
 Alas! treason! cry'd Aleyce,
 Ever wo may thou be! 90
 ' Go' into my chambre, my husband, she sayd,
 Swete Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

V. 71. fore.

V. 74. saye. *Percy reads* Of scarlate and of graine.

V. 85. shop. *Percy reads* back window.

V. 88. great full great.

V. 91. Gy.

He toke hys sweard and hys bucler,
Hys bow and hy[s] chyldren thre,
And wente into hys strongest chamber,
Where he thought surest to be.
Fayre Alice folowed him as a lover true,
With a pollaxe in her hande ;
He shal be dead that here cometh in
Thys dore whyle I may stand. 100
Cloudeslè bent a wel good bowe,
That was of trusty tre,
He smot the justise on the brest,
That hys arrowe brest in thre.
Gods curse on his hartt, saide William,
Thys day thy cote dyd on,
If it had ben no better then myne,
It had gone nere thy bone.
Yelde the Cloudeslè, sayd the justise,
And thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro. 110
Gods curse on hys hart, sayde fair Alice,
That my husband councelleth so.
Set fyre on the house, saide the sherife,
Syth it wyll no better be,
And brenne we therin William, he saide,
Hys wyfe and chyldren thre.
They fyred the house in many a place,
The fyre flew up on hye ;
Alas ! then cryed fayr Alice,
I se we here shall dy. 120

William openyd hys backe wyndow,
That was in hys chambre on hye,
And wyth shetes let hys wyfe downe,
And hys chyldren thre.
Have here my treasure, sayde William,
My wyfe and my chyldren thre,
For Christes love do them no harme,
But wreke you all on me.
Wyllyam shot so wonderous well,
Tyll hys arrowes were all ' ygo,' 130
And the fyre so fast upon hym fell,
That hys bowstryng brent in two.
The spercles brent and fell hym on,
Good Wyllyam of Cloudeaslè !
But than wax he a wofull man,
And sayde, thys is a cowardes death to me.
Lever I had, sayde Wyllyam,
With my sworde in the route to renne,
Then here among myne ennemyes wode,
Thus cruelly to bren. 140
He toke hys sweard and hys buckler,
And among them all he ran,
Where the people were most in prece,
He smot downe many a man.
There myght no man stand hys stroke,
So fersly on them he ran ;
Then they threw wyndowes and dores on him,
And so toke that good yemàn.

V. 122. was on.

V. 130. gon.

There they hym bounde both hand and fote,
And in depe dongeon hym cast ; 150
Now, Cloudeaslè, sayd the hye justice,
Thou shalt be hanged in hast.
One vow shal I make, sayde the sherife,
A payre of new galowes shall I for the make,
And the gates of Caerlel shal be shutte,
There shall no man come in therat.
Then shall not helpe Clim of the Cloughe,
Nor yet shall Adam Bell,
Though they came with a thousand mo,
Nor all the devels in hell. 160
Early in the mornynge the justice uprose,
To the gates first gan he gon,
And-commaundede to be shut full cloce,
Lightilé everychone.
Then went he to the market-place,
As fast as he coulde hye,
A payre of new gallous there dyd he up set,
Besyde the pyllory.
A lytle boy stod them amonge,
And asked what meanted that gallow tre ; 170
They sayde, to hange a good yeamàn,
Called Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.
That lytle boye was the towne swyne-heard,
And kept ' fayre' Alyce swyne,
Oft he had seene Cloudeslè in the wodde,
And geven hym there to dyne.

He went out att a creves in the wall,
And lightly to the wood dyd gone,
There met he with these wight yonge men,
Shortly and anone. 180
Alas! then sayde that lytle boye,
Ye tary here all to longe;
Cloudeslè is taken and dampned to death,
All readye for to honge.
Alas! then sayde good Adam Bell,
That ever we see thys daye!
He myght her with us have dwelled,
So ofte as we dyd him praye!
He myght have taryed in grene foreste,
Under the shadowes sheene, 190
And have kepte both hym and us in reaste,
Out of trouble and teene!
Adam bent a ryght good bow,
A great hart sone had he slayne,
Take that, chylde, he sayde to thy dynner,
And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.
Now go we hence, sayed these wight yong men,
Tary we no lenger here;
We shall hym borowe, by gods grace,
Though we bye it full dere. 200
To Caerlel went these good yemèn,
On a mery mornyng of Maye.
Here is a fyt of Cloudesli,
And another is for to saye.

[THE SECOND FIT.]

AND when they came to mery Caerlell,
In a fayre mornynge tyde,
They founde the gates shut them untill,
Round about on every syde.
Alas ! than sayd good Adam Bell,
That ever we were made men ! 210
These gates be shut so wonderous wel,
That we may not come here in.
Then spake him Clym of the Clough,
Wyth a wyle we wyl us in bryng ;
Let us saye we be messengers,
Streyght come nowe from our king.
Adam said, I have a letter written wel,
Now let us wysely werke,
We wyl saye we have the kinges seales,
I holde the portter no clerke. 220
Then Adam Bell bete on the gate,
With strokes great and strong,
The porter herde suche noyse therat,
And to the gate he throng.
Who is there nowe, sayde the porter,
That maketh all thys knocking ?
We be tow messengers, sayde Clim of the Clough,
Be come ryght from our kyng.

We have a letter, sayd Adam Bel,
 To the justice we must it bryng; 230
 Let us in our messag to do,
 That we were agayne to our kyng.
 Here commeth none in, sayd the porter,
 Be hym that dyed upon a tre,
 Tyll a false thefe be hanged,
 Called Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.
 Then spake the good yeman Clym of the Clough,
 And swore by Mary fre,
 And if that we stande longe wythout,
 Lyke a thefe hanged shalt thou be. 240
 Lo here we have the kynges seale;
 What! lordeyne, art thou wode?
 The porter went it had ben so,
 And lyghtly dyd of hys hode.
 Welcome be my lordes seale, he saide,
 For that ye shall come in.
 He opened the gate full shortlye,
 An evyl openyng for him.
 Now are we in, sayde Adam Bell,
 Thereof we are full faine, 250
 But Christ know[s], that harowed hell,
 How we shall com out agayne.
 Had we the keys, said Clim of the Clough,
 Ryght wel then shoulde we spede;
 Then might we come out wel ynough,
 When we se tyme and nede.

V. 230. me.

V. 254. shaulde.

They called the porter to counsell,
 And wrange hys necke in two,
 And caste him in a depe dongedon,
 And toke hys keys hym fro. 260
 Now am I porter, sayde Adam Bel,
 Se brother the keys have we here,
 The worst porter to merry Caerlel,
 That ye had thys hundred yere:
 And now wyll we our bowes bend,
 Into the towne wyll we go,
 For to delyver our dere brother,
 That lyveth in care and wo.
 [And thereupon] they bent theyr bowes,
 And loked theyr stringes were round, 270
 The market-place in mery Caerlel,
 They beset that stound;
 And as they loked them besyde,
 A paire of new galowes ther thei see,
 And the justice with a quest of squyers,
 That had judged Cloudeaslè there hanged to be:
 And Cloudeaslè hymselfe lay redy in a carte,
 Fast both fote and hand,
 And a stronge rop about hys necke,
 All readye for to hange. 280
 The justice called to him a ladde,
 Cloudeaslè[s] clothes should he have,
 To take the measure of that yeman,
 And therafter to make hys grave.

V. 275. they.

I have seen as great a mearveille, said Cloudeali,
 As betwyene thys and pryme,
 He that maketh thys grave for me,
 Himselfe may lye therin.
 Thou speakest proudli, saide the justice,
 I shall the hange with my hande : 290
 Full wel herd hys brethren two,
 There styll as they dyd stande.
 Then Cloudeslè cast hys eyen asyde,
 And saw hys to brèthren [stand]
 At a corner of the market place,
 With theyr good bows bent in ther hand.
 I se comfort, sayd Cloudeslè,
 Yet hope I well to fare ;
 If I might have my handes at wyll,
 Ryght lytle wolde I care. 300
 Then spake good Adam Bell,
 To Clym of the Clough so free,
 Brother, se ye marke the justyce wel,
 Lo yonder ye may him see ;
 And at the shyr[i]fe shote I wyll,
 Strongly with arrowe kene,
 A better shote in mery Caerlel
 Thys seven yere was not sene.

V. 293. Claudeale.

V. 294. brethen.

V. 295. marked.

V. 296. Here the old edition adds,

‘ Redy the justice for to chaunce.’

V. 298. will.

They lowsed 'their' arrowes both at once,
 Of no man had 'they' dread, 310
 The one hyt the justice, the other the sheryfe,
 That both theyr 'sides' gan blede.
 All men voyded that them stode nye,
 When the justice fell downe to the grounde,
 And the sherife fell nyghe hym by,
 Eyther had his deathes wounde.
 All the citezens fast gan flye,
 They durst no longer abyde,
 They lyghtly 'then' loused Cloudeslè,
 Where he with ropes lay tyde. 320
 Wyllyam sterte to an officer of the towne,
 Hys axe out of hys hande he wronge,
 On eche syde he smote them downe,
 Hym thought he taryed all to long.
 Wyllyam sayde to hys brethren two,
 Thys daye let us lyve and dye,
 If ever you have nede as I have now,
 The same shall you fynde by me.
 They shot so well in that tyde,
 For theyr stringes were of silke ful sure, 330
 That they kept the stretes on every 'side!'
 That batayle dyd longe endure.
 The[y] fought together as brethren tru,
 Lyke hardy men and bolde,
 Many a man to the ground they throe,
 And many a herte made colde.

V. 309. thre. V. 312. sedes. V. 319. they.

V. 325. brethen. V. 331. sede. V. 336. made many a herte.

But when their arrowes were all gon,
 Men preceed to them full fast,
 They drew theyr swordes then anone,
 And theyr bowes from them cast. 340
 They went lyghtlye on theyr way,
 Wyth swordes and buclers round,
 By that it 'was' myd of the day,
 They made mani a wound.
 There was an out-horne in Caerlel blowen,
 And the belles backward did ryng;
 Many a woman sayd alas!
 And many theyr handes dyd wryng.
 The mayre of Caerlel forth com was,
 And with hym a ful great route, 350
 These yemen dred him full sore,
 For of theyr lyves they stode in great doute.
 The mayre came armed a full great pace,
 With a pollaxe in hys hande,
 Many a strong man wyth him was,
 There in that stowre to stande.
 The mayre smot at Cloudleslè with his bil,
 Hys bucler he brust in two,
 Full many a yeman with great evyll,
 Alas! treason! they cryed for wo. 360
 Kepe we the gates fast they bad,
 That these traytours thereout not go.
 But al for nought was that the[y] wrought,
 For 'so' fast they downe were layde,

Tyll they all thre, that so manfulli fought,

Were gotten without abraide.

Have here your keys, sayd Adam Bel,

Myne off[i]ce I here forsake,

Yf you do by my counsell,

A new porter do 'ye' make.

370

He threw theyr keys at theyr heads,

And bad them evell to thryve,

And all that letteth any good yeman.

To come and comfort hys wyfe.

Thus be these good yemen gon to the wod,

And lyghtly as 'lefe' on lynde,

The[y] lough-an[d] be mery in theyr mode,

Theyr ennemyes were fer[r]e behynd.

When they came to Englyshe-wode,

Under the trusty tre,

380

They found bowes full good,

And arrowes full great plentye.

So god me help, s[a]yd Adam Bell,

And Clym of the Clough so fre,

I would we were in mery Caerlel,

Before that fayre meyny.

They set them downe and made good chere,

And eate and drynke full well.

Here is a fet of these wyght yong men,

An other I wyll you tell.

390

V. 368, 369. misplaced in the old edition.

V. 370. we.

V. 376. left.

[THE THIRD FIT.]

As they sat in Englyshe-wood
 Under theyr trusty tre,
 They thought they herd a woman wepe,
 But her they mought not se.
 Sore then syghed the fayre Alyce,
 And sayde, alas! that ever I sawe thys daye!
 For now is my dere husband slayne,
 Alas! and wel a way!
 Myght I have spoken wyth hys dere brethren,
 Or with eyther of them twayne, 400
 [To let them know what him befell]
 My hart were put out of payne!
 Cloudeslè walked a lytle besyde,
 And loked under the grenewood linde,
 He was ware of hys wife and chyl dren thre,
 Full wo in hart and mynde.
 Welcome wife, then sayde Wylliam,
 Under 'this' trusti tre;
 I had wende yesterday, by swete saynt John,
 Thou shulde me never 'have' se. 410

V. 393. thought.

V. 399. brethen.

V. 401. supplied from a modern edition.

V. 408. thus.

V. 410. had.

Now well is me, she sayde, that ye be here;

My hart is out of wo.

Dame, he sayde, be mery and glad,

And thanke my brethren two.

Hereof to speake, sayd Adam Bell,

I wis it is no bote;

The meat that we must supp withall

It runneth yet fast on fote.

Then went they down into a launde,

These noble archares all thre,

420

Eche of them slew a hart of greece,

The best they could there se.

Have here the best, Al[y]ce my wyfe,

Sayde Wyllyam of Cloudeslè,

By cause ye so bouldly stod by me,

When I was slayne full nye.

Then went they to supper,

Wyth suche meat as they had,

And thanked god of ther fortune,

They were both mery and glad.

430

And when they had supped well,

Certayne without any leace,

Cloudeslè sayd, we wyll to our kyng,

To get us a charter of peace;

Alce shal be at our sojournyng,

In a nunry here besyde,

My tow sonnes shall wyth her go,

And ther they shall abyde:

V. 414. brethen. V. 421. graece. V. 427. whent.

Myne eldest son shall go wyth me,
For hym have I no care, 440
And he shall you breng worde agayn
How that we do fare.
Thus be these yemen to London gone,
As fast as they might hye,
Tyll they came to the kynges pallace,
Where they woulde nedes be.
And whan they came to the kynges courte,
Unto the pallace gate,
Of no man wold they aske no leave,
But boldly went in therat; 450
They preceed prestly into the hall,
Of no man had they drede,
The porter came after and dyd them call,
And with them began to chyde.
The ussher sayed, yemen, what wold ye have?
I pray you tell me;
You myght thus make offycers shent:
Good syrs of whence be ye?
Syr we be outlawes of the forest,
Certayne without any leace, 460
And hether we be come to our kyng,
To get us a charter of peace.
And whan they came before the kyng,
As it was the lawe of the lande,
The[y] kneled downe without lettyng,
And eche helde up his hand:
The[y] sayed, lord we beseche the here,
That ye wyll graunt us grace,

For we have slaine your fat falow der,
In many a sondry place. 470
What be your nam[e]s? then said our king,
Anone that you tell me.
They sayd, Adam Bel, Clim of the Clough,
And Wyllyam of Cloudele.
Be ye those theves, then sayd our kyng,
That men have tolde of to me?
Here to god I make a vowe,
Ye shal be hanged al thre;
Ye shal be dead without mercy,
As I am kyng of this lande. 480
He commanded his officers everichone
Fast on them to lay hand.
There they toke these good yemen,
And arested them all thre.
So may I thryve, sayd Adam Bell,
Thys game lyketh not me.
But, good lorde, we beseche you now,
That you graunt us grace,
Insomuche as we be to you comen,
Or els that we may fro you passe, 490
With suche weapons as we have here,
Tyll we be out of your place;
And yf we lyve this hundreth yere,
We wyll aske you no grace.
Ye speake proudly, sayd the kyng,
Ye shal be hanged all thre.
That were great pitye, then sayd the quene,
If any grace myght be.

My lorde, whan I came fyrst into this lande,

To be your wedded wyfe,

500

The fyrst bowne that I wold aske,

Ye would graunt it me belyfe;

And I asked never none tyll now,

Therefore, good lorde, graunt it me.

Now aske it, madam, sayd the kynge,

And graunted shall it be.

Then, good my lord, I you beseche,

These yemen graunt ye me.

Madame, ye myght have asked a bowne,

That shuld have ben worth them all three: 510

Ye myght have asked towres and towne[s],

Parkes and forestes plenty.

None soe pleasaunt to mi pay, she said,

Nor none so lefe to me.

Madame, sith it is your desyre,

Your askyng graunted shal be;

But I had lever have geven you

Good market townes thre.

The quene was a glad woman,

And sayd, lord, gramarcy,

520

I dare undertake for them

That true men shal they be.

But, good lord, speke som mery word,

That comfort they may se.

I graunt you grace, then said our king,

Wasshe, felos, and to meate go ye.

They had not setten but a whyle,

Certayne without lesynge,

There came messengers out of the north,
With letters to our kyng. 530
And whan the[y] came before the kyng,
They kneled downe upon theyr kne,
And sayd, lord, your offycers grete you wel,
Of Caerlel in the north cuntrè.
How fare my justice, sayd the kyng,
And my sherife also?
Syr, they be slayne, without leasyng,
And many an officer mo.
Who hath them slayne? sayd the kyng,
Anone thou tell me. 540
Adam Bel, and Clime of the Clough,
And Wyllyam of Cloudeaslè.
Alas! for rewth! then sayd our kyng,
My hart is wonderous sore,
I had lever [th]an a thousand ponde,
I had knowne of thys before;
For I have graunted them grace,
And that forthynketh me,
But had I knowne all thys before,
They had been hanged all thre. 550
The kyng opened the letter anone,
Hymselfe he red it tho,
And founde how these thre outlawes had slaine
Thre hundred men and mo;
Fyrst the justice and the sheryfe,
And the mayre of Caerlel towne,
Of all the constables and catchipolles
Alyve were left not one;

The baylyes and the bedyls both,
 And the sergeauntes of the law, 560
 And forty fosters of the fe,
 These outlawes had yslaw ;
 And broke his parks, and slaine his dere,
 Over all they chose the best,
 So perelous outlawes as they were,
 Walked not by easte nor west.
 When the kynge this letter had red,
 In hys harte he syghed sore,
 Take up the table anone he bad,
 For I may eate no more. 570
 The kyng called hys best archars,
 To the buttes wyth hym to go ;
 I wyll se these felowes shote, he sayd,
 In the north have wrought this wo.
 The kynges bowmen buske them blyve,
 And the quenes archers also,
 So dyd these thre wyght yemen,
 With them they thought to go.
 There twyse or thryse they shote about,
 For to assay theyr hande, 580
 There was no shote these yemen shot,
 That any prycke myght them stand.
 Then spake Wyllyam of Cloudeslè,
 By him that for me dyed,
 I hold hym never no good archar
 That shuteth at buttes so wyde.
 Wherat? then sayd our kyng,

V. 587. At what a butte now wold ye shot. *Reliques.*

I pray thee tell me.
At suche a but, syr, he sayd,
As men use in my countree. 590
Wylliam went into a fyeld,
And his to brethren with him,
There they set up to hasell roddes,
Twenty score paces betwene.
I hold him an archar, said Cloudeale,
That yonder wande cleveþ in two.
Here is none suche, sayd the kyng,
Nor none that can so do.
I shall assaye, syr, sayd Cloudeale,
Or that I farther go. 600
Cloudeley, with a bearyng arow,
Clave the wand in to.
Thou art the best archer, then said the king,
Forsothe that ever I se.
And yet for your love, sayd Wylliam,
I wyll do more maystry:
I have a sonne is seven yere olde,
He is to me full deare,
I wyll hym tye to a stake,
All shall se that be here, 610
And lay an apele upon hys head,
And go syxe score paces hym fro,
And I myselfe, with a brode arow,
Shall cleve the apple in two.
Now haste the, then sayd the kyng,
By him that dyed on a tre,

But yf thou do not as thou 'hast' sayde,
Hanged shalt thou be.
And thou touche his head or gowne,
In syght that men may se, 600
By all the sayntes that be in heaven,
I shall hange you all thre.
That I have promised, said William,
I wyl it never forsake,
And there even before the kynge,
In the earth he drove a stake,
And bound therto his eldest sonne,
And bad hym stande styll therat,
And turned the childes face fro him;
Because he shuld not sterte; 630
An apple upon his head he set,
And then his bowe he bent,
Syxe score paces they were out met,
And thether Cloudeslè went;
There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe,
Hys bowe was great and longe,
He set that arrowe in his bowe,
That was both styffe and stronge;
He prayed the people that was there,
That they would styll stande, 640
For he that shooteth for such a wager,
Behoveth a stedfast hand.
Muche people prayed for Cloudeslè,

That hys lyfe saved myght be,
 And whan he made hym redy to shote,
 There was many a weping eye.
 Thus Cloudeslè cleft the apple in two,
 That many a man myght se ;
 Ouer gods forbode, sayde the kynge,
 That thou shote at me ! * 660
 I geve the xviii. pence a day,
 And my bowe shalt thou beare,
 And over all the north countre,
 I make the chyfe rydere.
 And I geve the xvii. pence a day, said the quene,
 By god and by my fay,
 Come feche thy payment when thou wylt,
 No man shall say the nay.
 Wyllyam, I make the a gentelman,
 Of clothyng and of fe, 660
 And thi two brethren yemen of my chambre,
 For they are so semely to se ;

V. 648. Percy, instead of this line, reads

“ His sonne he did not see.”

* This seems the story of William Tell, founder of the liberties of Switzerland, who was condemned by Gessler, the Austrian Governor, to shoot an apple from the head of his son ; which he did, like our Cloudeslè, at the distance of 130 paces, without touching the child. He soon afterward shot the governor. This happened in the year 1307. His instrument was a cross-bow, which is still preserved in the armoury at Zurich. Saxo Grammaticus, however, tells a similar story of Toke and Harold, at a much earlier period, p. 184.

Your sonne, for he is tendre of age,
Of my wyne-seller shall he be,
And whan he commeth to mannes estate,
Better avaunced shall he be.
And, Wylliam, bring me your wife, said the quene,
Me longeth her sore to se,
She shal be my chefe gentelwoman,
To governe my nursery. 670
The yemen thanketh them full curteously,
And sayde, to some bysshop wyl we wend,
Of all the synnes that we have done
To be assoyld at his hand.
So forth be gone these good yemen,
As fast as they myght hye,
And after came and dwelled wyth the kyng,
And dyed good men all thre.
Thus endeth the lives of these good yemen,
God send them eternall blysse ! 680
And all that with hande bowe shoteth,
That of heaven may never mysse !



**A MERY GESTE OF
THE FRERE AND THE BOYE.**

THIS well-known tale is furnished, in its present dress, by a copy in the public library of the university of Cambridge, "Enprynted at London in Flete strete at the sygne of the sonne by Wynkyn de Worde;" compared with a later edition in the Bodleian library, "Imprinted at London at the long shop adjoyning unto Saint Mildreds Church in the Pultrie by Edwarde Alde;" both in quarto and black letter, and of singular rarity, no duplicate of either being known to exist.* There is, indeed, a very old, though at the same time a most vulgar and corrupted copy extant in the first of those libraries (MSS. More, Ee. 4. 35.) under the title of "The Cheylde and hes step-dame," of which, besides that almost every line exhibits a various reading, the concluding stanzas are entirely different, and have, on that account, been thought worth preserving. But the most ancient copy of all would probably have been one in the Cotton library, if the volume which contained it had not unfortunately perished, with many things of greater importance, in the dreadful fire which happened in that noble repository, anno 1731. Vide Smiths Catalogue, Vitellius D. XII.

In the Pepys collection (No. 358) is a modernized copy, in the same stanza, apparently printed in Scotland, about the year 1680, beginning—

"There dwelt a man in my countrie;"

of which the editor has a very recent edition printed in Dublin. The common English copy is entirely different.

* There was once a copy of one or other of the above editions, or some different impression, with divers other curious pieces, in the printed library of Anthony à Wood (No. 66); but the article, with others of the like nature, appears to have been clandestinely taken out.

From the mention made in v. 429 of the city of "Orlyauce," and the character of the "Offycyal," it may be conjectured that this poem is of French extraction; and, indeed, it is not at all improbable that the original is extant in some MS. collection of old Fabliaux. A punishment similar to that of the good wife in this story appears to have been inflicted on the widow of St. Gengulph, for presuming to question the reality of her husbands miracles. See Heywoods History of Women, p. 196. See also Wyntownes chronicle, i. 152.

The cut prefixed is an exact copy of one in the title of the most ancient edition, which, the editor has a melancholy pleasure in reflecting, was traced for this purpose by his learned, ingenious, and valuable friend, the late John Baynes, esquire.

The stanzas are not distinguished, nor the odd lines indented, on account of the repeated irregularity of the metre. See ll. 458, &c. 470, &c.



God that dyed for us all,
And dranke both eysell and gall,
Brynge us out of bale,
And gyve them good lyfe and longe
That lysteneth to my songe,
Or tendeth to my tale.
There dwelled an husbonde in my countre .
That had wyves thre,
By processe of tyme,
By the fyrst wyfe a sone he had,
That was a good sturdy ladde,
And an happy hyne.

His fader loved hym wele,
So dyde his moder never a dele,
I tell you as I thinke ;
All she thought was lost, by the rode,
That dyde the lytell boye ony good,
Other mete or drynke.
And yet y wys it was but badde,
And therof not halfe ynough he had, 20
But evermore of the worste :
Therfore evyll mote she fare,
For ever she dyde the lytell boye care,
As ferforth as she dorste.
The good wyfe to her husbonde gan saye,
I wolde ye wolde put this boye awaye,
And that ryght soone in haste ;
Truly he is a cursed ladde,
I wolde some other man hym had,
That wolde hym better chaste. 30
Then sayd the good man agayne,
Dame, I shall to the sayne,
He is but tender of age ;
He shall abyde with me this yere,
Tyll he be more strongere,
For to wynne better wage.
We have a man, a stoute freke,
That in the felde kepeth our nete,
Slepynge all the daye,
He shall come home, so god me shelde, 40
And the boye shall into the felde,
To kepe our beestes yf he may.

Than sayd the wyfe, verament,
 Therto soone I assent,
 For that me thynketh moost nedy.
 On the morowe whan it was daye,
 The lytell boye wente on his waye,
 To the felde full redy ;
 Of no man he had no care,
 But sung, *Hey howe, awaye the mare,** 50
 And made joye ynough ;
 Forth he wente, truly to sayne,
 Tyll he came to the playne,
 Hys dyner forth he drough :
 Whan he sawe it was but bad,
 Ful lytell lust therto he had,
 But put it up agayne ;
 Therefore he was not to wyte,
 He sayd he wolde ete but lyte,
 Tyll nyght that he home came. 60
 And as the boye sate on a hyll,
 An olde man came hym tyll,
 Walkynge by the waye ;
 Sone, he sayde, god the se.

* This is the beginning of an old catch. Maystres Jyll of Brentford takes notice of it in her " Testament." 4to. b. l.

" Ah syrra, mary, away the mare."

Again, in *Skeltons* Elinour Rumming :

" With now away the mare
 And let us slay care."

V. 60. came home. *De W.*

Syr, welcome mote ye be,
 The lytell boye gan saye.
 The olde man sayd, I am an hongred sore,
 Hast thou ony mete in store,
 That thou mayst gyve me?
 The chylde sayd, so god me save, 70
 To such vytayle as I have
 Welcome shall ye be.
 Therof the olde man was gladde,
 The boye drewe forth suche as he had,
 And sayd, do gladly.
 The olde man was easy to please,
 He ete and made hym well at ease,
 And sayd, sone, gramercy.
 Sone, thou haste gyven mete to me,
 I shall the gyve thynges thre, 80
 Thou shalt them never forgete.
 Than sayd the boye, as I trowe,
 It is best that I have a bowe,
 Byrdes for to ' shete.'
 A bowe, sone, I shall the gyve,
 That shall last the all thy lyve,
 And ever a lyke mete,
 Shote therin whan thou good thynke,
 For yf thou shote and wynke,
 The prycke thow shalte hytte. 90
 Whan he the bowe in honde felte,
 And the boltes under his belte,

V. 84. shote. *De.* W. shoote. *A.*

Lowde than he lough ;
 He sayd, now had I a pype,
 Though it were never so lyte,
 Than were I gladde ynough.
 A pype, sone, thou shalte have also,
 In true musyke it shall go,
 I put thee out of doubt ;
 All that may the pype here 100
 Shall not themselfe sterc,
 But laugh and lepe aboute.
 What shall the thyrd be?
 For I wyll gyve the gyftes three,
 As I have sayd before.
 The lytell boye on hym lough,
 And sayd, syr, I have ynough,
 I wyll desyre no more.
 The olde man sayd, my trouth I plyght,
 Thou shalte have that I the hyght ; 110
 Say on now and let me se.
 Than sayd the boye anone,
 I have a stepdame at home,
 She is a shrewe to me :
 Whan my fader gyveth me mete,
 She wolde theron that I were cheke,
 And stareth me in the face ;
 Whan she loketh on me so,
 I wolde she sholde let a rappe go,

V. 99. I do the well to wytte. *De W.*

V. 105. to the before. *Idem.*

That it myght ryng over all the place. 120
Than sayd the olde man tho,
Whan she loketh on the so
She shall begyn to blowe ;
All that ever it may here
Shall not themselfe stere,
But laugh on a rowe.
Farewell, quod the olde man.
God kepe the, sayd the chylde than,
I take my leve at the ;
God, that moost best may, 130
Kepe the bothe nyght and day.
Gramercy, sone, sayd he.
Than drewe it towarde the nyght,
Jacke hym hyed home full ryght,
It was his ordynaunce ;
He toke his pype and began to blowe,
All his beestes on a rowe,
Aboute hym they can daunce.
Thus wente he pypynge thugh the towne,
His beestes hym folowed by the sowne, 140
Into his faders close ;
He wente and put them up echone,
Homewarde he wente anone,
Into his faders hall he gose.
His fader at his souper sat,
Lytell Jacke espyed well that,
And sayd to hym anone,
Fader, I have kepte your nete,
I praye you gyve me some mete,

I am an hongred, by Saynt Jhone : 150
I have sytten metelesse
All this daye kepyng your beestes,
My dyner feble it was.
His fader toke a capons wyng,
And at the boye he gan it flynge,
And badde hym ete apace.
That greved his stepmoders herte sore,
As I tolde you before,
She stared hym in the face,
With that she let go a blaste, 160
That they in the hall were agaste,
It range over all the place.
All they laughed and had good game,
The wyfe waxed red for shame,
She wolde that she had ben gone.
Quod the boye, well I wote,
That gonne was well shote,
As it had ben a stone.
Cursedly she loked on hym tho,
Another blaste she let go, 170
She was almoost rente.
Quod the boye, wyll ye se
How my dame letteth pelletes fle,
In fayth or ever she stynte?
The boye sayde unto his dame,
Tempre thy bombe, he sayd, for shame :
She was full of sorowe.
Dame, sayd the good man, go thy waye,
For I swere to the by my faye,

Thy gere is not to borowe. 180
 Afterwarde as ye shall here,
 To the hous there came a frere,
 To lye there all nyght;
 The wyfe loved him as a saynt,
 And to hym made her complaynt,
 And tolde hym all aryght :
 Wee have a boye within ywys,
 A shrewe for the nones he is,
 He dooth me moche care ;
 I dare not loke hym upon, 190
 I am ashamed, by Saynt John,
 To tell you how I fare :
 I praye you mete the boy tomorowe,
 Bete hym well and gyve hym sorowe,
 And make the boye lame.
 Quod the frere, I shall hym bete.
 Quod the wyfe, do not forgete,
 He dooth me moche shame :
 I trowe the boye be some wytche.
 Quod the frere, I shall hym teche, 200
 Have thou no care ;
 I shall hym teche yf I may.
 Quod the wyfe, I the praye,
 Do hym not spare.
 On the morowe the boye arose,
 Into the felde soone he gose,
 His beestes for to dryve ;

V. 186. So A. and MS. *all* omitted in De W.

The frere ranne out at the gate,
He was aferde leest he came to late,
He ranne fast and blyve. 210
Whan he came upon the londe,
Lytell Jacke there he fonde,
Dryvyng his beestes all alone;
Boye, he sayd, god gyve the shame,
What hast thou done to thy dame?
Tell thou me anone:
But yf thou canst excuse the well,
By my trouth bete the I wyll,
I wyll no lenger abyde.
Quod the boye, what eyleth the? 220
My dame fareth as well as ye,
What nedeth ye to chyde?
Quod the boye, wyll ye wete
How I can a byrde shete,
And other thyng withall?
Syr, he sayd, though I be lyte,
Yonder byrde wyll I smyte,
And gyve her the I shall.
There sate a byrde upon a brere,
Shote on boy, quod the frere, 230
For that me lysteth to se.
He hytte the byrde on the heed,
That she fell downe deed,
No ferder myght she flee.

V. 211. So A. and MS. *a lande*. De W.

The frere to the busshe wente,
 Up the byrde for to hente,
 He thought it best for to done.
 Jacke toke his pype and began to blowe,
 Then the frere, as I trowe,
 Began to daunce soone ; 240
 As soone as he the pype herd,
 Lyke a wood man he fared,
 He lepte and daunced aboute ;
 The breres scratched hym in the face,
 And in many an other place,
 That the blode brast out ;
 And tare his clothes by and by,
 His cope and his scapulary,
 And all his other wede.
 He daunced amonge thornes thycke, 250
 In many places they dyde hym prycke,
 That fast gan he blede.
 Jacke pyped and laughed amonge,
 The frere amonge the thornes was thronge,
 He hopped wunders hye ;
 At the last he held up his honde,
 And sayd I have daunced so longe,
 That I am lyke to dye ;

V. 255. A hoppyd wonderley hey ;
 The boy seyde, and lowhe with all,
 Thes ys a sport reyall,
 For a lord to se. MS. More.

Gentyll Jacke, holde thy pype styll,
And my trouth I plyght the tyll, 260
I will do the no woo.
Jacke sayd, in that tide,
Frere skyppe out on the ferder syde,
Lyghtly that thou were goo.
The frere out of the busshe wente,
All to-ragged and to-rente,
And torne on every syde ;
Unnethes on hym he had one cloute,
His bely for to wrappe aboute ;
His harneys for to hyde. 270
The breres had hym scratched so in the face,
And [in] many an other place,
He was all to-bledde with blode ;
All that myght the frere se,
Were fayne awaye to flee,
They wende he had ben wode.
Whan he came to his hoost,
Of his iourney he made no boost,
His clothes were rente all ;
Moche sorowe in his herte he had, 280
And every man hym dradde,
Whan he came in to the hall.
The wyfe said, where hast thou bene ?
In an evyll place I wene,
Me thynketh by thyn araye.
Dame, I have ben with thy sone,
The devyll of hell hym overcome,
For no man elles may.

With that came in the good man, 290
 The wife sayd to hym than,
 Here is a foule araye ;
 Thy sone that is the lefe and dere,
 Hath almoost slayne this holy frere,
 Alas ! and welawaye !
 The good man sayd, *benedicite* !
 What hath the boye done frere to the ?
 Tell me without lette.
 The frere sayd, the devyll hym spede,
 He hath made me daunce, maugre my hede,
 Amonge the thornes, *hey go bette*.*
 The good man sayd to hym tho,
 Haddest thou lost thy lyfe so,
 It had ben grete synne.
 The frere sayd, by our lady,
 The pype went so meryly,
 That I coude never blyne.
 Whan it drewe toward the nyght,
 The boye came home full ryght,
 As he was wont to do ; 310
 Whan he came into the hall,
 Soone his fader gan hym call,
 And badde hym to come hym to.

* The name, it is probable, of some old dance. To "dance hey go mad" is still a common expression in the North.

V. 312. His fader dyde hym soone call. *De W.*

Boye, he sayd, tell me here,
 What hast thou done to the frere ?
 Tell me without lesynge.
 Fader, he sayd, by my faye,
 I dyde nought elles, as I you saye,
 But pyped him a sprynge.
 That pype, sayd his fader, wolde I here. 330
 Mary, god forbede ! sayd the frere ;
 His handes he dyde wrynge.
 Yes, sayd the good man, by goddes grace.
 Then, sayd the frere, out alas !
 And made grete mournynge.
 For the love of god, quod the frere,
 If ye wyll that pype here,
 Bynde me to a post ;
 For I knowe none other rede,
 And I daunce I am but deed, 330
 Well I wote my lyfe is lost.
 Stronge ropes they toke in honde,
 The frere to the poste they bonde,
 In the myddle of the halle ;
 All that at the souper sat
 Laughed and had good game therat,
 And said the frere wolde not fall.
 Than sayd the good man,
 Pype sonne, as thou can,
 Hardely whan thou wylle. 340

V. 327. that he pype *De. W.*

V. 339. Pype on good sone. *Idem.*

Fader, he sayd, so mote I the,
Have ye shall ynough of gle,
Tyll ye bydde me be styll.
As soon as Jacke the pype hent,
All that there were verament,
Began to daunce and lepe ;
Whan they gan the pype here,
They myght not themselfe stere,
But hurled on an hepe.
The good man was in no dyspayre, 350
But lyghtly lepte out of his chayre,
All with a good chere ;
Some lepte over the stocke,
Some stombled at the blocke,
And some fell flatte in the fyre.
The good man had grete game,
How they daunced all in same ;
The good wyfe after gan steppe,
Evermore she kest her eye at Jacke,
And fast her tayle began to cracke, 360
Lowder than they coude speke.
The frere hymselfe was almoost lost,
For knockynge his heed ayenst the post,
He had none other grace ;
The rope rubbed hym under the chynne,
That the blode downe dyde rynne,
In many a dyvers place.

Jacke ranne into the strete,
After hym fast dyde they lepe,
Truly they coude not stynte ;
They wente out at the dore so thycke,
That eche man fell on others necke,
So pretely out they wente.
Neyghbours that were fast by,
Herde the pype go so meryly,
They ranne into the gate ;
Some lepte over the hatche,
They had no time to drawe the latche,
They wende they had come to late.
Some laye in theyr bedde,
And helde up theyr hede,
Anone they were waked ;
Some sterte in the waye,
Truly as I you saye,
Stark bely naked.
By that they were gadred aboute,
I wys there was a grete route,
Dauncynge in the strete ;
Some were lame and myght not go,
But yet ywys they daunced to,
On handes and on fete.
The boye sayd, now wyll I rest.
Quod the good man, I holde it best,
With a mery chere ;

370

380

390

V. 392. They. W.

R

Sease, sone, whan thou wylte,
 In fayth this is the meryest fyttē
 That I herde this seven yere.
 They daunced all in same,
 Some laughed and had good game,
 And some had many a fall. 400
 Thou cursed boye, quod the frere,
 Here I somon the that thou appere
 Before the offycyall;
 Loke thou be there on frydaye,
 I wyll the mete and I may,
 For to ordeyne the sorowe.
 The boye sayd, by god avowe,
 Frere, I am as redy as thou,
 And frydaye were tomorowe.
 Frydaye came as ye may here, 410
 Jackes stepdame and the frere
 Togeder there they mette;
 Folke gadered a grete pase,
 To here every mannes case,
 The offycyall was sette.
 There was moche to do,
 Maters more than one or two,
 Both with preest and clerke;
 Some had testamentes for to preve,
 And fayre women, by your leve, 420

V. 402, 403. Y som' the affor the comserey. MS.

That had strokes in the derke.
 Every man put forth his case,
 Then came forth frere Topyas,
 And Jackes stepdame also ;
 Syr offycyall, sayd he,
 I have brought a boye to thee,
 Which hath wrought me moche wo ;
 He is a grete nygromancere,
 In all Orlyauce is not his pere,
 As by my trouth I trowe. 430
 He is a wytche, quod the wyfe :
 Than, as I shall tell you blythe,
 Lowde coude she blowe.
 Some laughed without fayle,
 Some sayd, dame, tempre thy tayle,
 Ye wreste it all amysse.
 Dame, quod the offycyall,
 Tel forth on thy tale,
 Lette not for this.
 The wyfe was afrayed of an other cracke, 440
 That no worde more she spacke,
 She durst not for drede.
 The frere sayd, so mote I the,
 Knave, this is long of the,
 That evyl mote thou spede.
 The frere sayd, syr offycyall,

V. 423. Than cam soret capias. MS. V. 432. blyve. A.

The boye wyll combre us all,
 But yf ye may him chaste ;
 Syr, he hath a pype truly,
 Wyll make you daunce and lepe on hye, 450
 Tyll your herte braste.
 The offycyall sayd, so mot I the,
 That pype wolde I fayne se,
 And knowe what myrth that he can make.

V. 453, That pype well y se,
 &c. He seyde, boy, hes het her ?
 Ye scer, be mey ffay,
 Anon pype us a lay,
 And make us all cher.
 The officiall the pype hent,
 And blow tell his brow hen bent,
 Bot therof cam no gle ;
 The officiall seyde, this ys nowth,
 Be god that me der bowthe,
 Het ys not worthe a sclo.
 Be mey fay, qod the freyr,
 The boy can make het pype cler,
 Y bescro hem for hes mede.
 The officiall bad the boy asay.
 Nay, qod the freyr, er that a way,
 For that y forbede.
 Pype on, qod the officiall, and not spar.
 The freyr began to star,
 Jake hes pype hent,
 As sone as Gake began to blow,
 All they lepyd on a rowe,
 And ronde about they went.

Mary, god forbede, than sayd the frere,
That he sholde pype here,
Afore that I hens the waye take.
Pype on, Jacke, sayd the offycyall,
I wyll here now how thou canst playe.
Jacke blewe up, the sothe to saye, 480
And made them soone to daunce all.

The officall had so gret hast,
That boyt hes schenys brast,
Apon a blockys hende.
The clerkys to dans they hem sped,
And som all ther eynke sched,
And som ther bekes rent,
And som cast ther boky[s] at the wall,
And som over ther felowys can fall,
So weytley they lepyd.
Ther was withowt let,
They stombylled on a hepe,
They dansed all abowthe,
And yever the freyr creyd owt,
Y may no lengger dans for soyt,
Y haffe lost halffe mey cod war,
When y dansed yn the thornes.
Som to crey they began,
Mey boke ys all to-toren ;
Som creyd withowt let,
And som bad hoo ;
Som seyde het was a god game,
And som seyde they wer lame,
Y may no leynger skeppe ;

The offycyall lepte over the deske,
And daunced aboute wonder faste,
Tyll bothe his shynnes he all to-brest,
Hym thought it was not of the best,
Than cryed he unto the chylde,
To pype no more within this place,
But to holde styll for goddes grace,
And for the love of Mary mylde.

Som dansed so long,
Tell they helde owt the townge,
And a nethe meyt hepe.
The officiall began to star,
And seyde, hafe for they heyr,
Stent of they lay,
And boldeley haske of me,
What thou welt hafe for thy gle,
Y schall the redey pay.
Then to stend Jake began,
The officiall was a werey man,
Mey trowet y pleyt y the,
Thes was a god gle,
And seyde the worst that ever they se,
For het was er neyth.
Then bespake the officiall,
And leytlei Gake can call,
Hes pype he hem hent,
And gaffe hem xx s.
And ever mor hes blesyng,
For that merey fet.

Than sayd Jacke to them echone,
If ye wolde me graunte with herte fre,
That he shall do me no vylany,
But hens to departe even as I come.
Therto they answered all anone,
And promysed him anone ryght,
In his quarell for to fyght,
And defende hym from his fone,

470

When Gake had that money hent,
Anon homard he went,
Glad therof was he ;
He waxed a wordeley marchande,
A man of gret degre.
Hes stepdame, y dar say,
Dorst never after that day,
Nat wonley ones desplese.
They lowyd togedyr all thre,
Hes father, hes stepdame and he,
Affter yn gret eys.
And that they ded, soyt to say,
Tho hewyn they toke the way,
Withowtyn eney mes.
Now god that dyed for os all,
And dranke aysell and gall,
Bryng them all to they bles,
That belevet on the name Jhc.

Thus they departed in that tyde,
The offycyall and the sompnere,
His stepdame and the frere,
With great joye and moche pryde.

480



THE KING
AND
THE BARKER.

THE following equally rude and ancient piece is given from the manuscript volume in the public library, Cambridge, already described. It is the undoubted original of "the merry, pleasant, and delectable history between K. Edward the fourth and a tanner of Tamworth," reprinted by Dr. Percy; who ought, perhaps, to have informed his readers that the old copies contain a great many stanzas which he has, not injudiciously, suppressed.

Dante is Daventry (vulgarly pronounced Daintry,) in Northamptonshire.

The writer of this manuscript should seem to have been some provincial rustic. In one place of the volume he enters the following saw, which appeared worth preserving, for the sake of its singularity.

Ther ys leythe reythe and meythe,
Meythe overset reythe for the defawte of leythe,
Bot and reythe methe com to leythe,
'Scholde' never meythe overset reythe.

. Mr. Ritson intended, in any future edition, to have suppressed this piece, which was originally printed chiefly with a view of bringing to light some more accurate copy; an effect which has not been, nor is now likely to be, produced. The present editor, however, is tempted to preserve it, as a singular curiosity, notwithstanding the excessive and irremediable corruption of the MS.



WELL yow her a god borde to make yow 'all
lawhe ?'

How het fell apon a tyme, or eney man het know,
The kyng rod a hontyng as that tyme was,
For to hont a der y trow hes hope was.
As he rode he hovertoke yn the wey
A tannar of Dantre yn a queynte araye;
Blake kow heydys sat he apon,
The hornys heyng besyde,
The kyng low and had god game,
To se the tannar reyde.
Howr kyng bad hes men abeyde,
And he welde sper of hem the wey;

10

V. 1. lawhe all.

Yffe y may her eney new tythyng
 Y schall het to yow saye.
 Howr kyng prekyd, and seyde, ser, god the saffe.
 The tannar seyde, well mot yow ffar.
 God felow, seyde 'howr' kyng, off on thyng y
 the pray,
 To Drayton Baset well y reyde, wyche ys the wey?
 That can y tell the fro hens that y stonde,
 When thow comest to the galow tre, torne upon
 the lyft honde. 20
 Gramercy, felow, seyde owr kyng, withowtyn eney
 'wone,'
 I schall prey they lord Baset thanke the sone.
 God felow, seyde owr kyng, reyde thou with me,
 Tell y com to Drayton Baset, now y het se.
 Nay be 'mey feyt,' seyde the barker thoo,
 Thow may sey y wer a fole and y dyd so;
 I hast yn mey wey as well as thow hast yn theyne,
 Reyde forthe and seke they wey, thi hors ys better
 nar meyne.
 The tanner seyde, what maner man ar ye?
 A preker abowt, seyde the kyng, yn maney a
 contrè. 30
 Than spake the thanner, foll scredeley ayen,
 Y had a brother vovsed the same
 Tull he cowde never the.

V. 13. now.

V. 17. yowr.

V. 21. woyt.

V. 25. meyt.

Than 'howr' kyng smotley gan smeyle,
 Y prey the felow reyde with me a meyle.
 What deyell, quod the tanner, art thou owt off
 they wet?

Y most hom to mey deyner, for I am fastyng yet.
 Good felow, seyde owr kyng, car the not for no
 mete,

Thou schalt haffe mete ynow to neyght, and yeffe
 thou welt ette.

The tanner toke gret skorne of hem, 40

And swar be Creyst ys pyne,

Y trow y hafe mor money in mey pors

Nar thou hast yn theyne :

Wenest thou y well be owt on neyght? nay, and
 god be for,

Was y never owt a neyt sen y was bor.

The tanner lokyd a bake tho,

The heydes began to fall,

He was war of the keyngs men,

Wher they cam reydying all.

Thes ys a theffe, thowt the tanner, 50

Y prey to god geffe hem car,

He well haffe mey hors,

Mey heydes, and all mey chaffar.

For feleyschepe, seyde the tannar,

Yet wel y reyde with the ;

Y not war y methe with the afterward

Thow mast do as meche for me.

V. 34. yowr.

God a mar[sey], seyde owr kyng, without eny
wone,

Y schall prey the lord Baset to thanke the sone.
Owr keyng seyde, what new tydyng herest as
thou ryd? 60

I wolde fayne wet for thow reydest weyde.

Y know now teytheyng, the thanner seyde, herke
and thou schalt here,

Off al the chaffar that y know kow heydys beyt
der.

Owr keyng seyde, on theyng, as mey loffe y the
prey,

What herest sey be the lord Baset yn thes contrey?

I know hem not, seyde the tanner, with hem y
hafe lytyll to don,

Wolde he never bey of me clot lether to clowt 'his
schoyn.'

Howr kyng seyde, y loffe the well, of on thyng y
the praye,

Thow hast harde hes servants speke, what welde
they saye?

Ye for god, seyde the tanner, that tell y can, 70

Thay sey thay leke hem well, for he ys a god man.

Thos they reyd together talkyng, for soyt y yow
tell,

Tull he met the lord Baset, on kneys downe they
fell.

V. 60. now.

V. 67. with schoys.

Alas, the thanner thowt, the kyng ylone thes be,
Y schall be hongyd, wel y wot, at men may me se.
He had no meynde of hes hode, nor cape ner adell,
Al for drede off hes leyffe he wende to halfe ler.

The thanner wolde astole away,

Whyle he began to speke,

Howr kyng had yever an ey on hem, 80

That he meyt not skape.

God felow, with me thow most abeyde, seyde owr
kyng,

For thow and y most an hontyng reyde.

Whan they com to Kyng chas meche game they
saye.

Howr kyng seyde, felow what schall y do, my hors
ys so hey?

God felow, lend thow me theyne, and hafe her
meyne.

Tho the tannar leyt done, and cast a downe hes
heydys;

Howr kyng was yn hes sadell, no leyngger he
beydes.

Alas, theyn the thanner thowt, he well reyde away
with mey hors,

Y well after to get hem and y may. 90

He welde not leffe hes heydys beheynde for no-
theyng,

He cast them yn the kyngs schadyll, that was a
neys seyte;

Tho he sat aboffe them, as y ouw saye,

He prekyd fast after hem and fond the redey wey.

The hors lokyd abowt hem, and sey on every seyde
 The kow hornes blake and wheyte;
 The hors went he had bor the devell on hes bake;
 The hors prekyd as he was wode,
 Het mestoret to spor hem not;
 The barker cleynt on hem fast, 100
 He was sor aferde for to fall,
 The kyng lowhe, and was glad to folow the chas,
 ' Yette' he was agast lest the tanner welde ber
 hem downe.

The hors sped hem sweythyli, he sped hem won-
 derley fast,
 Ayen a bow of an oke the thanneres hed he barst,
 With a stombellyng as he rode the thanner downe
 he cast;

The kyng lowhe and had god game, and seyde
 thou rydyst to fast.

The kyng lowhe, and had god game, and swar be
 sent John,

Seche another horsman say y never none.

Owr kyng lowhe, and had god bord, and swar be
 sent ' Jame,' 110

Y most nedyst lawhe and thow wer mey dame.

Y bescro the same son, seyde the barker tho,

That seche a bord welde haffe to se hesdame so wo.

When ' ther' hontyng was ydo, they changyd hors
 agen,

V. 103. Yeffe.

V. 110. Jane.

V 114. her.

Tho the barker had hes howyn, theyrof he was
'fayne.'

Godamarsey, seyde our kyng, of they serveyse to
daye,

Yeffe thou hafe awt to do with me, or owt to saye,
They frende schall y yeffor be, be god that ys bet on.
Godamarsey, seyde the barker tho, thou semyst
a felow god,

Yeffe y met the yn Dantre thou schalt dreynke be
[the] rode. 120

Be mey feyt, seyde owr kyng, or els wer y to blame;
Yeff y met the yn Lecheffelde thou schalt hafe the
same.

Thus they rod talkyng togeder to Drayton hall,
Tho the barker toke hes leffe of the lordes all.
Owr kyng comand the barker yn that tyde,
A C. s. yn hes pors to mend hes kow heydys.
Ther owr kyng and the barker partyd feyr atwyn.
God that set yn heffen so hey breyng os owt of sen!

V. 115. of fayne.



**HOW A MERCHANDE DYD
HYS WYFE BETRAY.**

THE story of this ancient poem seems to have appeared in all possible shapes. It is contained in a tract intitled "Penny-wise, pound-foolish; or a Bristow diamond, set in two rings, and both crack'd. Profitable for married men, pleasant for young men, and a rare example for all good women," London, 1631, 4to. b. l. and is well known, at least in the North, by the old ballad called "The Pennyworth of Wit." It likewise appears, from Langhams Letter, 1575, to have been then in print, under the title of "The Chapman of a Pennyworth of Wit;" though no edition of that age is now known to exist. We learn, however, from the industrious Herbert, that "A pany worth of wytt" was licensed to John Awdeley, in 1560 (p. 188); and, it would seem, from an enumeration as well of "Copies which were Sampson Awdeleys," as of such "as belonged to James Roberts," had been actually printed. See p. 1031, 1104. The following copy is from a transcript made by the late Mr. Baynes from one of Bp. Mores manuscripts in the public library at Cambridge (Ff. 2. 38, or 690), written apparently about the reign of Edward the fourth or Richard the third; carefully but unnecessarily examined with the original. The poem itself however is indisputably of a greater age, and seems from the language and orthography to be of Scottish, or at least of North country extraction. The fragment of a less correct copy, containing innumerable variations, is preserved in a MS. of Henry the 6ths time in the British Museum (Bib. Har. 5396); and in a large collection of old English poetry in the advocates library Edinburgh, is an entirely different, and (in point of date, at least) much more ancient poem upon the same story, in a similar dialect. The first lines remaining, (a couplet

or two being lost by the cutting out of the preceding leaf)
are as follows :

Of a chance I chil you telle
That whilom, in this lond bifelle,
Ones it was a marchaunde riche,
No whar nas non his liche,
Of gold and of warldes winne,
In the cite that he wond inne, &c. &c.

The undoubted original of this story is to be found in the old *fabliau* of *La bourse pleine de sens* by *Jehans li Galois d'Aubepierre*, printed in the first volume of *Fabliaux et Contes*, published by M. Barbazan; and modernized in prose by M. le Grand (*Fabliaux ou Contes, &c. Paris, 1781, tome 3*). But, as the merchant in that poem, instead of making a sea voyage, only goes to the fair of Troyes, it is highly probable that there has been some later story, from which both the following poem, and that in the Edin. MS. are translations. *La bourse de bon sens*, evidently modernized from the above *fabliau*, is in a little tract of the *Bibliothèque bleue*, intitled "*Vieilles nouvelles rajeunies, &c.*" *Troyes, 1716, 12mo.* It has evidently been designed to be sung to the harp.



**LYSTEN YTH, lordyngys, y you pray,
How a merchand dyd hys wyfe betray,
Bothe be day and be nyght,
Yf ye wyll herkyn aryght.
Thys songe ys of a merchand of thys euntre,
That had a wyfe feyre and free ;
The marchand had a full gode wyfe,
Sche lovyd hym trewly as hur lyfe,
What that evyr he to hur sayde,
Evyr sche helde hur wele apayde :
The marchand, that was so gay,
By another woman he lay ;**

He boght hur gownys of grete pryce,
Furryd with menyvere and with gryse,
To hur hedd ryall atyre,
As any lady myght desyre ;
Hys wyfe, that was so trewe as ston,
He wolde ware no thyng upon :
That was foly be my fay,
That fayrenes schulde tru love betray. 20
So hyt happenyd, as he wolde,
The marchand over the see he schulde ;
To hys leman ys he gon,
Leve at hur for to tane ;
With clypppyng and with kyssyng swete,
When they schulde parte bothe dyd they wepe.
Tyll hys wyfe ys he gon,
Leve at her then hath he tan ;
Dame, he seyde, be goddys are,
Haste any money thou woldyst ware ? 30
Whan y come beyonde the see
That y myght the bye some ryche drewrè.
Syr, sche seyde, as Cryst me save,
Ye have all that evyr y have ;
Ye schall have a peny here,
As ye ar my trewe fere,
Bye ye me a penyworth of wytt,
And in youre hert kepe wele hyt.
Styll stode the merchand tho,
Lothe he was the peny to forgoo, 40

Certen sothe, as y yow say,
 He put hyt in hys purce and yede hys way.
 A full gode wynde god hath hym sende,
 Yn Fraunce hyt can hym brynge [an ende];
 A full gode schypp arrayed he
 Wyth marchaundyce and spycerè.
 Certen sothe, or he wolde reste,
 He boght hys lemman of the beste,
 He boght hur bedys, brochys and ryngys,
 Nowchys of golde, and many feyre thyngys;
 He boght hur perry to hur hedd,
 Of safurs and of rubyes redd;
 Hys wyfe, that was so trew as ston,
 He wolde ware nothyng upon:
 That was foly, be my fay,
 That fayrenes schulde trew love betray.
 When he had boght all that he wolde,
 The marchand ovyr the see he schulde.
 The marchandys man to hys mayster dyd speke,
 Oure dameys peny let us not forgete. 60
 The marchand swore, be seynt Anne,
 Zyt was that a lewde bargan,
 To bye owre dame a penyworth of wytt,
 In all Fraunce y can not fynde hyt.
 ‘An’ olde man in the halle stode,
 The marchandys speche he undurzode;

V. 65. And.

The olde man to the marchand can say,
A worde of counsell y yow pray,
And y schall selle yow a penyworth of wyt,
Yf ye take gode hede to hyt : 70
Tell me, marchand, be thy lyfe,
Whethyr haste thou a leman or a wyfe ?
“ Syr, y have bothe, as have y reste,
But my paramour love I beste.”
Then seyde the olde man, withowten were,
Do now as y teche the here ;
When thou comyst ovyr the salte fome,
Olde clothys then do the upon,
To thy lemman that thou goo,
And telle hur of all thy woo ; 80
Syke sore, do as y the say,
And telle hur all thy gode ys loste away,
Thy schyp ys drownyd in the fom,
And all thy god ys loste the from ;
Whan thou haste tolde hur soo,
Then to thy weddyd wyfe thou go ;
Whedyr helpyth the bettur yn they nede,
Dwelle with hur, as Cryste the spede.
The marchand seyde, wele must thou fare,
Have here thy peny, y have my ware. 90
When he come over the salte fome,
Olde clothys he dyd hym upon,

VV. 79, 80. These two lines are in the MS. inserted after the four following.

Hys lemman lokyd forthe and on hym see,
And seyde to hur maydyn, how lykyth the?
My love ys comyn fro beyonde the see,
Come hedur, and see hym wyth thyn eyé.
The maydyn seyde, be my fay,
He ys yn a febull array.
Go down, maydyn, in to the halle,
Yf thou mete the marchand wythalle, 100
And yf he spyrré aftyr me,
Say, thou sawe me wyth non eye :
Yf he wyll alगतys wytt,
Say in my chaumbyr y lye sore syke,
Out of hyt y may not wynne,
To speke wyth none ende of my kynne,
Nother wyth hym nor wyth none other,
Thowe he were myn own brother.
Allas ! seyde the maydyn, why sey ye soo ?
Thynke how he helpyed yow owt of moche wo.
Fyrst when ye mett, wythowt lesynge,
Youre gode was not worthe xx s.,
Now hyt ys worthe cccc pownde,
Of golde and sylvyr that ys rounde ;
Gode ys but a lante lone,
Some tyme men have hyt, and some tyme none ;
Thogh all hys gode be gon hym froo,
Nevyr forsake hym in hys woo.
Go downe, maydyn, as y bydd the,
Thou schalt no lenger ellys dwelle wyth me.

The maydyn wente in to the halle,
There sche met the marchand wythall.
“ Where ys my lemman ? where ys sche ?
Why wyll sche not come speke wyth me ? ”

“ Syr, y do the wele to wytt,
Yn hyr chaumbyr sche lyeth full syke,
Out of hyt sche may not wynne,
To speke wyth non ende of hur kynne,
Nother wyth yow nor wyth non other,
Thowe ye were hur owne brother.” 130

“ Maydyn, to my lemman that thou go,
And telle hur my gode ys loste me fro,
My schyp ys drownyd in the fom,
And all my gode ys loste me from ;
A gentylman have y slawe,
Y dar not abyde the londys lawe ;
Pray hur, as sche lovyth me dere,
As y have ben to hur a trewe fere,
To kepe me prevy in hur chaumbyr,
That the kyngys baylyes take me nevyr.” 140
Into the chaumbyr the maydyn ys goon,
Thys tale sche tolde hur dame anone.

“ In to the halle, maydyn, wynde thou downe,
And bydd hym owt of my halle to goon,
Or y schall send in to the towne,
And make the kyngys baylyes to come ;
Y swere, be god of grete renown,
Y wyll nevyr harbur the kyngys feloun.”

The maydyn wente in to the halle,
 And thus sche tolde the merchand alle ; 150
 The marchand sawe none other spede,
 He toke hys leve and forthe he yede.
 Lystenyth, lordyngys, curtes and hende,
 For zyt ys the better fytt behynde.

[THE SECOND FIT.]

LYSTENYTH, lordyngys, great and small :
 The marchand ys now to hys own halle ;
 Of hys comyng hys wyfe was fayne,
 Anone sche come [to] hym agayne.
 Husbonde, sche seyde, welcome ye be,
 How have ye farde beyonde the see ? 160
 Dame, he seyde, be goddys are,
 All full febyll hath be my fare ;
 All the gode that ever was thyn and myn
 Hyt ys loste, be seynt Martyn ;
 In a storme y was bestadde,
 Was y nevyr halfe so sore adrad,
 Y thanke hyt god, for so y may,
 That evyr y skapyd onlyve away ;
 My schyp ys drownyd in the fom,
 And all my gode ys loste me from ; 170

A gentylman have y slawe,
may not abyde the londys lawe ;
I pray the, as thou lovest me dere,
As thou art my trewe weddyd fere,
In thy chaumber thou woldest kepe me dern.
Syr, sche seyde, no man schall me warne :
Be styлле, husbonde, sygh not so sore,
He that hathe thy gode may sende the more ;
Thowe all thy gode be fro the goo,
I wyll nevyр forsake the in thy woo ; 180
Y schall go to the kyng and to the quene,
And knele before them on my kneen,
There to knele and nevyр to cese,
Tyl of the kyng y have getyn thy pees :
I can bake, brewe, carde and spyрne,
My maydenys and y can sylvyр wyрne,
Evyр whyll y am thy wyfe,
To maynten the a trewe mannys lyfe.
Certen sothe, as y yow say,
All nyght be hys wyfe he lay, 190
On the morne, or he forthe yede,
He kaste on hym a ryall weде,
And bestrode a full gode stede,
And to hys lemmans hows he yede.
Hys lemman lokyd forthe and on hym see,
As he come rydyng ovyr the lee,
Sche put on hur a garment of palle,
And mett the marchand in the halle,

Twyes or thryes, or evyr he wyste,
 Trewly sche had hym kyste. 200
 Syr, sche seyde, be seynt John,
 Ye were nevyr halfe so welcome home.
 Sche was a schrewe, as have y hele,
 There sche currayed favell well.
 Dame, he seyde, be seynt John,
 Zyt ar not we at oon ;
 Hyt was tolde me beyonde the see,
 Thou haste another leman then me,
 All the gode that was thyn and myne,
 Thou haste gevyn hym, be seynt Martyn. 210
 " Syr, as Cryste bryng me fro bale,
 Sche lyeth falsely that tolde the that tale ;
 Hyt was thy wyfe, that olde trate,
 That nevyr gode worde by me spake ;
 Were sche dedd (god lene hyt wolde !)
 Of the have all my wylle y schulde ;
 Erly, late, lowde and styлле,
 Of the schulde y have all my wylle :
 Ye schall see, so muste y the,
 That sche lyeth falsely on me." 220
 Sche leyde a canvas on the flore,
 Longe and large, styffe and store,
 Sche leyde theron, wythowten lyte,
 Fyfty schetys waschen whyte,
 Pecys of sylvyr, mase~~me~~ of golde ;
 The marchand stode hyt to beholde :

**HOW THE WISE MAN TAUGHT
HIS SON.**

THIS little moral piece, which, for the time wherein it was written, is not inelegant, is given from a manuscript collection in the Harleian library in the British Museum (No. 5396), compiled in the reign of King Henry the sixth. Though it is not supposed to have been before printed, there is a striking coincidence of idea in Mr. Gilbert Coopers beautiful elegy intituled "A father's advice to his son," as well as in the old song of "It's good to be merry and wise," which the more curious reader may consult at his leisure. A few readings have been obtained, for this edition, from a very corrupt and imperfect copy in the above library (No. 2399).*

A longer poem, in couplets, of a similar nature, and about the same age, may be found in the Cotton library (Vespasian D. XIII.) beginning—

" Myne awen dere sone, and thou will lere,
Of syndry wittis and thou will here."

Peter Idle, esquire, of Kent, is very prolux in his parental instructions. See the Harleian MSS. No. 172. or Bp. Mores, No. 121.

The most ancient thing of the kind is a French poem, extant in the Harleian MS. Num. 2253 (written not long after the year 1300) " containing many moral, civil, and pious advices and instructions given by one Urban to his son." It begins—

" Un sage houme de graunt valour."

* There is another copy in the Public Library at Cambridge (Fr. II. xxxviii), which appears to have escaped Mr. Ritson's attention.—ED.



LYSTENYTH all, and ye well here
How the wyse man taght hys son ;
Take gode tent to thys matere,
And fond to lere yf the con.
Thys song be yonge men was begon,
To make hem 'trysty' and stedfast ;
But yarn that is oft-tyme yll sponne,
Evyll hyt comys out at the last.

A wyse man had a fayre chyld,
'That was' of fyftene wynter age,
'Of maners he was' meke and mylde,
Fayre of body and vesage ;

10

V. 6. Tyrsty.

Gentyll of kynde and of corage,
 For he schulde be hys fadur eyre;
 Hys fadur thus, yn hys langage,
 ' Taght ' hys sone bothe weyll and fayre :

And sayd, son, kepe thys word yn hart,
 And thenke theron ' tyll ' thou be ded;
 ' Every ' day, thy furst werke,
 Loke thys be don yn ylke stede : 20
 Furst se thye god yn forme of brede,*
 And serve hym ' well ' for hys godenes,
 And afturward, sone, by my rede,
 Go do thy worldys besynes.

Forst, worschyp thy god ' onys ' a day,
 And, sone, thys schall thou have to ' mede,'
 [Loke] skylfully what thou pray,
 He wyll the graunt withoutyn drede,
 And send the al that thou hast nede,
 As ' fer ' as meser longgyth to strech, 30
 This lyfe in mesur that thou lede,
 And of the remlant thou ne rech.

' And,' sone, thy tong thou kepe also,
 And be not tale-wyse be no way;
 Thyn owen tonge may be thy fo,
 Therfor beware, sone, i the pray,

V. 16. That.

V. 18. thyll.

V. 22. wyll.

V. 26. mad.

* i. e. *go to mass*.

Where and when, son, thou schalt say,
 And be whom thou spekyst oght;
 For thou may speke a word to-day
 That seven yere thens may be forthoght. 40

Therefore, sone, be ware be-tyme,
 Desyre no offys for to bere,
 For of thy neyborys mawgref,
 Thou most hem bothe dysplese and dere,
 Or ellys thy self thou must 'forswere,'
 And do not as thyn offys wolde,
 And gete the mawgrete, here and there,
 More then thank a thousand fold.

And, sone, yf thou wylt lyf at ese,
 And warme among thy neyburs syt, 50
 Lat [no] newefangylnes the plese
 Oftyn to remewe nor to flyt;
 For and thou do thou wantys wyt,
 For folys they remewe al to wyde;
 And also, sone, an evyl 'sygne' ys hyt,
 A mon that can no wher abyde.

And, sone, of syche thyng i the warne,
 And on my blyssyng take gode hede,
 Thou use never the taverne;
 And also dysyng i the forbede : 60

V. 45. for swete.

V. 55. sagne.

For thyse two thyngys, withoutyn drede,
 And comon women, as i leve,
 Makes yong men evyle to spede,
 And 'falle' yn danger and yn myschefe.

And, sone, the more gode thou hast,
 The rather bere the meke and lowe;
 Lagh not mych, for that ys wast,
 For folys ben by laghing 'knowe.'
 And, sone, quyte wele that thou owe,
 So that thou be of dettes clere;
 And thus, my lefe chylde, as i trowe,
 Thou mest the kepe fro daungere.

76

And loke thou wake not to longe,
 Ne use not rere-soperys to late;
 For, were thy complexion nevyr so strong,
 Wyth surfet thou mayst fordo that.
 Of late wakyng fallys oftyn debate,
 On nyghtys for to syt and drynke;
 Yf thou wylt rule thyn astate,
 Betyme go to bed and wynke.

80

And, sone, as far furth as thou may,
 On non enquest that thou come,
 Nor no fals wytnesse bere away,
 Of no manys mater, all ne sum :

V. 64. fulle.

V. 68. knone.

V. 77. walkyng.

For better the were be defe and down,
 Then for to be on eny 'enquest,'
 That aftyr myght be undurnome,
 A trewe man had hys quarel lest.

And, sone, yf thou wylt have a wyfe,
 Take hur for no covetyse, 90
 But loke, sone, sche be the lefe,
 Thou 'wysely' wayt and wele awyse,
 That sche be gode, honest, and wyse,
 Thof sche be pore take thou not hede,
 For sche 'schal' do the more servys,
 Then schall a ryche withowtyn drede.

For bettyr it is in rest and pes,
 A mes of potage and no more,
 Then for to have 'an hundred' mes,
 With gret dysese and angyr sore. 100
 Therefore [lewe] sone, thynk on thys lore,
 Yf thou wylt have a wyfe with ese,
 By hur gode set thou no store,
 Thof sche wolde the bothe feffe and sesse.

And yf thy wyffe be meke and gode,
 And serve the wele and 'plesantly,'
 Loke that thou be not so wode,
 To charge hur then to owtragely;

V. 86. enguest. V. 95. schalt. V. 106. plesantyl.

But then fare with hur esyly,
 And cherysch hur for hur gode dede, 110
 For thyng overdon unskylfully,
 Makys wrath to growe where ys no nede.

I wyl neyther glos ne 'paynt,'
 But waran the on anodur syde ;
 Yf thy wyfe come to make pleynt,
 On thy servandys 'be tyme or tyde,'
 Be nott to hasty them to chyde,
 'Wreke the not' or thou wytt the sothe,
 For wemen 'their' wrethe they can not hyde,
 But sone they reyse a smokei rofe. 120

Nor, sone, be not jelows, i the pray,
 For, and thou falle in jelosye,
 Let not thy wyfe wyt in no way,
 For thou may do no more foly ;
 For, and thy wyfe may onys aspye
 That thou any thyng hur mystryst,
 In dyspyte of thy fantasy,
 To do the wors ys all hur lyst.

V. 113. praynt.

V. 116. on any syde. MS. 5396.

Upon thy meyne be tyme or tyde. MS. 2399.

V. 118. So MS. 2399. *The other reads* Nor wreth the not.

V. 119. yn.

Therefore, sone, i byd the
 Wyrche with thy wyfe as reson ys, 130
 Thof sche be servant in degre,
 In som degre she felaw ys.
 'They be not wys,' so have i blys,
 That can not rewle theyr wyves aryght,
 'Hyt makyth hem ofte to do amys,
 And settyn by wedlok al to lyght.'

Nor, sone, bete nott thy wyfe i rede,
 For theryn may no help 'aryse,'
 Betyng may not stond yn stede,
 But rather make hur 'the to despyse:' 140
 Wyth lovys awe, sone, thy wyfe chastyse,
 And let fayre wordys be thy yerde;
 Lovys awe ys [ever] the best gyse,
 My sone, to make thy wyfe aferd.

Nor, sone, thy wyfe thou schalt not chyde,
 Nor calle hur by no vyleus name,
 For sche that schal ly be thy syde,
 To calle hur fowle yt ys thy schame;

V. 132. In som partys thy felow sche ys. MS. 2399.

V. 133. Laddys that ar bundyn.

VV. 135, 136. That makys wemen, so have i blys,
 To do often wrong yn plyght. MS. 5396.
 Hyt makyt ofte hem to do amys,
 And settyn by goodys wedlok al to lyght
 MS. 2399.

V. 140. to despyse the.

Whan thou thyne owen wyfe wyl dyffame,
Wele may anothyr man do so : 150
Soft and fayre men make tame
Hert and buk and wylde roo.

And, sone, thou pay ryght wele thy tythe,*
And pore men of thy gode thou dele ;
And loke, sone, be thy [very] lyfe,
[In erth] thou gete thy sowle sum hele.
Thys werld hyt turnys evyn as a whele,
All day be day hyt wyl enpayre,
And so, sone, thys worldys wele,
Hyt faryth but as a chery fayre. 160

For all that evyr man doth here,
Wyth besynesse and travell bothe,
All ys, wythowtyn were,
For oure mete, drynk, and clothe ;
More getys he not, wythowtyn othe,
Kyng or prynce whether that he be,
Be hym lefe, or be hym loth,
A pore man has as mych as he.

And many a man here gadrys gode
All hys lyfe dayes for othyr men, 170
That he may not, by the rode,
Hym self onys ete of an henne ;

* The author, from this and other admonitions, is supposed to have been a parish-priest.

But be he dolvyn yn hys den,
 Anothyr schal come at hys last ende,
 Schal have hys wyf and catel then,
 That he has gadred another schal spende.

Therfor, sone, be my counseyle,
 More then ynogh thou nevyr covayt,
 Thou ne wost wan deth wyl the assayle,
 Thys werld ys but the fendys bate.

180

For deth ys, sone, as i trowe,
 The most thyng that certyn ys,
 And non so uncerteyn for to knowe,
 As ys the tyme of deth y wys;
 And therefore, sone, thou thynk on thys,
 And al that i have seyde beforne:
 And Jhesu 'bryng' us to hys blys,
 That for us weryd the crowne of thorn.

V. 180. The latter part of this stanza seems to be wanting.

V. 187. brynd.



H

U of M

Digitized by Google

SIR PENY.

1074

THIS excellent poem was intended to have been added to the present collection by Mr. Ritson, and is therefore now given, from a manuscript in the Cotton library (Galba E. 9. fo. 47, b). There is a fragment of it containing forty-five verses somewhat differing from this copy, and of inferior merit, in the library of Caius College, Cambridge, (No. 174.)

370



IN erth it es a littill thing,
And regnes als a riche king,
Whare he es lent in land ;
Sir Peni es his name calde,
He makes both yong and alde
Bow untill his hand.

Papes, kinges, and emperoures,
Bisschoppes, abbottes, and priowres,
Person, prest, and knyght,
Dukes, erles, and ilk barowne,
To serve him er thai ful boune,
Both bi day and nyght.

Sir Peni chaunges [ofte] mans mode,
And gers tham oft to doun thaire hode,
And to rise him ogayne.
Men honors him with grete reverence,
Makes ful mekell obedience
Unto that litill swaine.

In kinges court es it no bote,
Ogaines sir Peni for to mote,
So mekill es he of myght;
He es so witty and so strang,
That be it never so mekill wrang,
He will mak it right.

20

With Peny may men wemen till
Be thai never so strange of will,
So oft may it be sene,
Lang with him will thai noght chide,
For he may ger tham trayl syde
In gude skarlet and grene.

30

He may by both hevyn and hell,
And ilka thing that es to sell.
In erth has he swilk grace,
He may lese and he may bind.
The pouer er ay put bihind,
Whare he cumes in place.

V. 13. ofte. MS. Caius.

When he bigines him to mell,
He makes meke that are was fell,
 And waik that bald has bene.
All ye nedes ful sone er sped,
Bath withowten borgh and wed,
 Whare Peni gase bitwene.

40

The domes-men he mase so blind,
That he may noght the right find,
 Ne the suth to se.
For to gif dome tham es ful lath,
Tharwith to mak sir Peni wrath,
 Ful dere with tham es he.

Thare strife was, Peni makes pese,
Of all angers he may relese,
 In land whare he will lende,
Of fase may he mak frendes sad,
Of counsail thar tham never be rad,
 That may have him to frende.

50

That sire es set on high dese,
And served with mani riche mese
 At the high burde.
The more he es to men plentè,
The more yernid alway es he,
 And halden dere in horde.

60

He makes mani be forsworne,
And sum life and saul forlorne,
Him to get and wyn.
Other god will thai none have,
Bot that litil round knave,
Thaire bales for to blin.

On him halely thaire hertes sett,
Him for to luf will thai noght let,
Nowther for gude ne ill.
All that he will in erth have done,
Ilka man grantes it ful sone,
Right at his awin will.

70

He may both lene and gyf ;
He may ger both sla and lif,
Both by frith and fell.

[Sir] Peni es a gude felaw,
Men welcums him in dede and saw,
Cum he never so oft ;
He es noght welkumd als a gest,
But evermore served with the best,
And made at sit ful soft.

80

Who so es sted in any nede,
With sir Peni may thai spede,

V. 75. Half of this stanza appears to be wanting.

How so ever they bytide.
 He that sir Peni es with-all,
 Sall have his will in stede and stall,
 When other er set byside.

Sir Peny gers, in riche wede,
 Ful mani go and ride on stede,
 In this 'werlde' wide.
 In ilka gamin and ilka play,
 The maystri es gifen ay
 To Peny, for his pride.

90

Sir Peny over all gettes the gre,
 Both in burgh and in cetè,
 In castell and in towre.
 Withowten owther spere or schelde,
 Es he the best in frith or felde,
 And stalworthest in stowre.

In ilka place, the suth es sene,
 Sir Peni es over al bidene,
 Maister most in mode.
 And all es als he will cumand :
 Ogains his stevyn dar no man stand,
 Nowther by land ne flode.

100

Sir Peny mai ful mekill availe
 To tham that has nede of cownsail,

V. 90. werldes. MS. Cott.

Als sene es in assise
He lenkithes life and saves fro ded
Bot luf it noght over wele, I rede,
For sin of covaityse.

110

If thou have happ tresore to win,
Delite the noght to mekill tharin,
Ne nything thareof be,
Bot spend it als wele als thou can,
So that thou luf both god and man
In perfite charité.

God grante us grace with hert and will,
The gudes that he has gifen us till,
Wele and wisely to spend ;
And so oure lives here for to lede,
That we may have his blis to mede,,
Ever withouten end.

120



THE LIFE AND DEATH
OF
TOM THUMBE.

It is needless to mention the popularity of the following story. Every city, town, village, shop, stall, man, woman, and child, in the kingdom, can bear witness to it. Its antiquity, however, remains to be enquired into, more especially as no very ancient edition of it has been discovered. That which was made use of on the present occasion bears the following title: "Tom Thumbe, his life and death: wherein is declared many marvailous acts of manhood, full of wonder, and strange merriments. Which little knight lived in king Arthurs time, and famous in the court of Great Brittain. London, printed for John Wright. 1630." It is a small 8vo. in black letter, was given, among many other curious pieces, by Robert Burton, author of the Anatomy of Melancholy, to the Bodleian Library (Seld. Art. L. 79.), and is the oldest copy known to be extant. There is a later edition, likewise in black letter, printed for F. Coles, and others, in Antony à Woods collection, which has been collated, as has also a different copy, printed for some of the same proprietors, in the editors possession. All three are ornamented with curious cuts, representing the most memorable incidents of our heros life. They are likewise divided into chapters by short prose arguments, which, being always unnecessary, and sometimes improper, as occasioning an interruption of the narrative, are here omitted.

In Ben Jonsons Masque of the Fortunate Isles, designed for the Court, on the Twelfth Night, 1626, Skelton, one of the characters, after mentioning Elinor Rumming, and others, says

Or you may have come
IN, THOMAS THUMB,
IN A PUDDING FAT,
With Doctor Rat.

Then "The Antimasque follows: consisting of these twelve persons, Owl-glass, the four Knaves, two Ruffians, Fitz-Ale, and Vapor, Elinor Rumming, Mary Ambree, Long Meg of Westminster, TOM THUMB, and Doctor Rat."*

Five years before there had appeared "The History of Tom Thumbe, the Little, for his small stature surnamed, King Arthurs Dwarf: Whose Life and adventures containe many strange and wonderful accidents, published for the delight of merry Time-spenders. Imprinted at London for Tho. Langley, 1621, (12mo. bl. l.)" This however was only the common metrical story turned into prose with some foolish additions by R. I. [Richard Johnson.] The Preface or Introductory Chapter is as follows, being indeed the only part of the book that deserves notice.

"My merry Muse begets no Tales of Guy of Warwick, nor of bould Sir Bevis of Hampton; nor will I trouble my penne with the pleasant glee of Robin Hood, little John, the Fryer and his Marian; nor will I call to minde the lusty Pindar of Wakefield, nor those bold Yeomen of the North, ADAM BELL, CLEM OF THE CLOUGH, nor WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLEY, those ancient archers of all England, nor shal my story be made of the mad merry pranckes of Tom of Bethlem, Tom Lincolne, or Tom a Lin, the Divels supposed Bastard, nor yet of Garagantua, that monster of men,† but of AN OLDER TOM, A TOM OF MORE ANTIQUITY, a Tom of a strange making, I meane.

* Works, by Whalley, vi. 195. "Doctor Rat, the curate," is one of the *Dramatis Personæ* in "Gammar Gurtons Needle."

† This is scarcely true; the titles of the two last chapters being, 1. "How Tom Thumbe riding forth to take the ayre, met with the great Garagantua, and of the speech that was betweene them." 2. "How Tom Thumbe after conference had with great Garagantua returned, and how he met with King Twadle."

Little Tom of Wales, no bigger then a Millers Thumbe, and therefore for his small stature, surnamed Tom Thumbe The ANCIENT TALES of Tom Thumbe IN THE OLDE TIME, have beene the only revivers of drouzy age at mid-night; old and young have with his Tales chim'd Mattens till the cocks crow in the morning; Batchelors and Maides with his Tales have compassed the Christmas fire-blocke, till the Curfew-Bell rings candle out; the old Shepherd and the young Plow boy, after their dayes labour, have carold out a Tale of Tom Thumbe to make them merry 'withall': and who but little Tom, hath made long nights seem short, and heavy toyles easie? Therefore (gentle Reader) considering that old modest mirth is turned naked out of doors, while nimble wit in the great Hall sits upon a soft cushion giving dry bobbes; for which cause I will, if I can, new cloath him in his former livery, and bring him againe into the Chimney Corner, where now you must imagine me to sit by a good fire, amongst a company of good fellowes over a well spic'd Wassel-bowle of Christmas Ale telling of these merry Tales which hereafter follow."

Johnsons tract appears to have been published before 1595, being alluded to in Nash's "Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Divell," printed in that year. "Every grosse braind Idiot is suffered to come into print: who if he set forth a pamphlet of the praise of pudding-pricks, or write a Treatise of *Tom Thum*, or the exploits of *Untrusse*; it is bought up thicke and threefold."

In the panegyric verses (by Michael Drayton and others) upon Tom Coryate and his Crudities, London, 1611, 4to. our hero is thus introduced, along with a namesake, of whom, unfortunately, we know nothing further:

"TOM THUMBE is dumbe, untill the pudding creepe,
In which he was intomb'd, then out doth peepe.
TOM PIPER is gone out, and mirth bewailes,
He never will come in to tell us tales."*

We are unable to trace our little hero above half a century further back, when we find him still popular, indeed, but, to our great mortification, in very bad company. "IN OUR CHILDHOOD (says honest Reginald Scot) our mothers maids have so terrified us with an ouglie divell . . . and have so fraied us with bull beggers, spirits, witches, urchens, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, pans, faunes, sylens, kit with the cansticke, tritons, centaurs, dwarfes, giants, imps, calcars, conjurors, nymphes, changlings, incubus, Robin good-fellow, the spoorne, the mare, the man in the oke, the helle waine, the fieredrake, the puckle, TOM THOMBE, hob-goblin, Tom tumbler, boneles, and such other bugs, that we are afraide of our owne shadowes."†

To these researches we shall only add the opinion of that eminent antiquary Mr. Thomas Hearne, that this History, "however looked upon as altogether fictitious, yet was CERTAINLY founded upon some AUTHENTICK

* In a different part of the work we find other characters mentioned, whose story is now, perhaps, irretrievably forgot:

I am not now to tell a tale
Of George a Green, or Jacke a Vale,
Or yet of Chittiface.

† Discoverie of Witchcraft. London, 1584, 4to. p. 155. See also Archb. Harnets Declaration of Popish Impostures. Ibi. 1604, 4to. p. 135. Tom Tumbler occurs in "a pleasant interlude, intituled, Like will to like quoth the devill to the collier, by Ulpian Fulwel, 1587, 4to. b. l. where the vice exclaims, on 'the devils entering: "Sancte benedicite, who have we heere? TOM TUMBLER, or els some dauncing beare?"

HISTORY, as being nothing else, originally, but a description of KING EDGAR'S DWARF."*

It is strongly suspected that the present poem has been modernized by some ballad-writer of Queen Elizabeth's time; very probably, indeed, by the same Richard Johnson who is here mentioned to have afterward turned it into prose.

* *Benedictus Abbas, Appendix ad Praefationem*, p. LV. Mr. Hearne was probably led to fix upon this monarch by some ridiculous lines added, about his own time, to introduce a spurious second and third part. See the common editions of Aldermary church-yard, &c. or that intitled "Thomas Redivivus: or, a compleat history of the life and marvellous actions of Tom Thumb. In three tomes. Interspers'd with that ingenious comment of the late Dr. Wagstaff: and annotations by several hands. To which is prefix'd historical and critical remarks on the life and writings of the author." London, 1729. FOLIO. Dr. Wagstaff's comment was written to ridicule that of Mr. Addison, in the Spectator, upon the ballad of Chevy-Chase, and is inserted in his Works.



IN Arthurs court Tom Thumb did ~~live~~,
A man of mickle might,
The best of all the table round,
And eke a doughty knight :

His stature but an inch in height,
Or quarter of a span ;
Then thinke you not this little knight,
Was prov'd a valiant man ?

His father was a plow-man plaine,
His mother milkt the cow, 10
But yet the way to get a sonne
' This ' couple knew not how,

Untill such time this good old man
To learned Merlin goes,
And there to him his deepe desires
In secret manner showes,

How in his heart he wisht to have
A childe, in time to come,
To be his heire, though it might be
No bigger than his Thumbe. 20

Of which old Merlin thus foretold,
That he his wish should have,
And so this sonne of stature small
The charmer to him gave.

No blood nor bones in him should be,
In shape and being such,
That men should heare him speake, but not
His wandring shadow touch :

But so unseene to goe or come
Whereas it pleas'd him still ; 30
Begot and borne in halfe an houre,
To fit his fathers will :

V. 12. these.

118

And in foure minutes grew so fast,
That he became so tall
As was the plowmans thumb in height,
And so they did him call

TOM THUMBE, the which the Fayry-Queene
There gave him to his name,
Who, with her traine of Goblins grim,
Unto his christning came. 40

Whereas she cloath'd him richly brave,
In garments fine and faire,
Which lasted him for many yeares
In seemely sort to weare.

His hat made of an oaken leafe,
His shirt a spiders web,
Both light and soft for those his limbes
That were so smally bred ;

His hose and doublet thistle downe,
Togeather weav'd full fine ; 50
His stockings of an apple greene,
Made of the outward rine ;

His garters were two little haire,
Pull'd from his mothers eye,
His bootes and shooes a mouses skin,
There tan'd most curiously.

Thus, like a lustie gallant, he
Adventured forth to goe,
With other children in the streets
His pretty trickes to show. 60

Where he for counters, pinns, and points,
And cherry stones did play,
Till he amongst those gamesters young
Had loste his stocke away.

Yet could he soone renue the same,
When as most nimbly he
Would dive into 'their' cherry-baggs,
And there 'partaker' be,

Unseene ['unfelt'] by any one,
Untill a scholler shut 70
This nimble youth into a boxe,
Wherein his pins he put.

Of whom to be reveng'd, he tooke
(In mirth and pleasant game)
Black pots, and glasses, which he hung
Upon a bright sunne-beame.

The other boyes to doe the like,
In pieces broke them quite ;
For which they were most soundly whipt,
Whereat he laught outright. 80

V. 67. the. V. 63. a taker. [V. 69. or felt.]

And so Tom Thumbe restrained was
 From these his sports and play,
 And by his mother after that
 Compel'd at home to stay.

Whereas about a Christmas time,
 His father a hog had kil'd,
 And Tom ' would ' see the puddings made,
 ' For fear ' they should be spil'd.

He sate upon the pudding-boule,
 The candle for to hold ; 90
 Of which there is unto this day
 A pretty pastime told :

For Tom fell in, and could not be
 For ever after found,
 For in the blood and batter he
 Was strangely lost and drownd.

Where searching long, but all in vaine,
 His mother after that
 Into a pudding thrust her sonne,
 Instead of minced fat, 100

Which pudding of the largest size,
 Into the kettle throwne,
 Made all the rest to fly thereout,
 As with a whirle-wind blowne.

V. 87. to.

V. 88. Fear'd that.

For so it tumbled up and downe,
Within the liquor there,
As if the devill had there been boyl'd ;
Such was his mothers feare,

That up she tooke the pudding strait,
And gave it at the doore 110
Unto a tinker, which from thence
In his blacke budget bore.

But as the tinker climb'd a stile,
By chance he let a cracke :
Now gip, old knave ! out cride Tom Thumbe,
There hanging at his backe :

At which the tinker gan to run,
And would no longer stay,
But cast both bag and pudding downe,
And thence hyed fast away. 120

From which Tom Thumbe got loose at last
And home return'd againe :
Where he from following dangers long
In safety did remaine.

Untill such time his mother went
A milking of her kine,
Where Tom unto a thistle fast
She linked with a twine.

A thread that helde him to the same,
For feare the blustering winde 130
Should blow him thence, that so she might
Her sonne in safety finde.

But marke the hap, a cow came by,
And up the thistle eate.
Poore Tom withall, that, as a docke,
Was made the red coves meate :

Who being mist, his mother went
Him calling every where,
Where art thou Tom ? where art thou Tom ?
Quoth he, Here mother, here : 140

Within the red coves belly here,
Your sonne is swallowed up.
The which into her feareful heart
Most carefull dolours put.

Meane while the cove was troubled much,
In this her tumbling wombe,
And could not rest until that she
Had backward cast Tom Thumbe :

Who all besmeared as he was,
His mother tooke him up, 50
To beare him thence, the which poore lad
She in her pocket put.

Now after this, in sowing time,
His father would him have
Into the field to drive his plow,
And thereupon him gave

A whip made of a barly straw,
To drive the cattle on :
Where in a furrow'd land new sowne,
Poore Tom was lost and gon.

160

Now by a raven of great strength
Away he thence was borne,
And carried in the carrions beake
Even like a graine of corne,

Unto a giants castle top,
In which he let him fall,
Where soone the giant swallowed up
His body, cloathes and all.

But in his belly did Tom Thumbe
So great a rumbling make,
That neither day nor night he could
The smallest quiet take,

170

Untill the gyant had him spew'd
Three miles into the sea,
Whereas a fish soone tooke him up
And bore him thence away.

Which lusty fish was after caught
And to king Arthur sent,
Where Tom was found, and made his dwarfe,
Whereas his dayes he spent 180

Long time in lively jollity,
Belov'd of all the court,
And none like Tom was then esteem'd
Among the noble sort.

*Ch. Thomson
Transl. in
1814*

Amongst his deedes of courtship done,
His highnesse did command,
That he should dance a galliard brave
Upon his queenes left hand.

The which he did, and for the same
The king his signet gave, 190
Which Tom about his middle wore
Long time a girdle brave.

Now after this the king would not
Abroad for pleasure goe,
But still Tom Thumbe must ride with him,
Plac't on his saddle-bow.

Where on a time when as it rain'd,
Tom Thumbe most nimbly crept
In at a button hole, where he
Within his bosome slept. 200

And being neere his highnesse heart,
He crav'd a wealthy boone,
A liberall gift, the which the king
Commanded to be done,

For to relieve his fathers wants,
And mothers, being old ;
Which was so much of silver coyne
As well his armes could hold.

And so away goes lusty Tom,
With three pence on his backe,
A heavy burthen, which might make
His wearied limbes to cracke.

210

So travelling two dayes and nights,
With labour and great paine,
He came into the house whereas
His parents did remaine ;

Which was but halfe a mile in space
From good king Arthurs court,
The which in eight and forty houres
He went in weary sort.

220

But comming to his fathers doore,
He there such entrance had
As made his parents both rejoyce,
And he thereat was glad.

His mother in her apron tooke
Her gentle sonne in haste,
And by the fier side, within
A walnut shell, him plac'd :

Whereas they feasted him three dayes
Upon a hazell nut,
Whereon he rioted so long
He them to charges put ;

230

And there-upon grew wonderous sicke,
Through eating too much meate,
Which was sufficient for a month
For this great man to eate.

But now his businesse call'd him foorth,
King Arthurs court to see,
Whereas no longer from the same
He could a stranger be.

240

But yet a few small April drops,
Which settled in the way,
His long and weary journey forth
Did hinder and 'sore' stay.

Until his carefull father tooke
A birding 'trumpe' in sport,
And with one blast blew this his sonne
Into king Arthurs court.

[V. 244. so.]

[V. 246. trunke.]

Now he with tilts and turnaments
Was entertained so, 250
That all the best of Arthurs knights
Did him much pleasure show.

As good Sir Lancelot of the Lake,
Sir Tristram, and sir Guy ;
Yet none compar'd with brave Tom Thum,
For knightly chivalry.

In honour of which noble day,
And for his ladies sake,
A challenge in king Arthurs court
Tom Thumbe did bravely make. 260

Gainst whom these noble knights did run,
Sir Chinon, and the rest,
Yet still Tom Thumbe with matchles might
Did beare away the best.

At last sir Lancelot of the Lake
In manly sort came in,
And with this stout and hardy knight
A battle did begin.

Which made the courtiers all agast,
For there that valiant man 270
Through Lancelots steed, before them all,
In nimble manner ran.

Yea horse and all, with speare and shield,
As hardly he was seene,
But onely by king Arthurs selfe
And his admired queene,

Who from her finger tooke a ring,
Through which Tom Thumb made way,
Not touching it, in nimble sort,
As it was done in play.

280

He likewise cleft the smallest haire
From his faire ladies head,
Not hurting her whose even hand
Him lasting honors bred.

Such were his deeds and noble acts
In Arthurs court there showne,
As like in all the world beside
Was hardly seene or knowne.

Now at these sports he toyl'd himselfe
That he a sicknesse tooke,
Through which all manly exercise
He carelessly forsooke.

290

Where lying on his bed sore sicke,
King Arthurs doctor came,
With cunning skill, by physicks art,
To ease and cure the same.

L

K

His body being so slender small,
This cunning doctor tooke
A fine prospective glasse, with which
He did in secret looke

300

Into his sickened body downe,
And therein saw that Death
Stood ready in his wasted guts
To sease his vitall breath.

His armes and leggs consum'd as small
As was a spiders web,
Through which his dying houre grew on,
For all his limbes grew dead.

His face no bigger than an ants,
Which hardly could be seene :
The losse of which renowned knight
Much griev'd the king and queene.

310

And so with peace and quietnesse
He left this earth below ;
And up into the Fayry Land
His ghost did fading goe.

Whereas the Fayry Queene receiv'd,
With heavy mourning cheere,
The body of this valiant knight,
Whom she esteem'd so deere.

320

For with her dancing nymphes in greene,
She fetcht him from his bed,
With musicke and sweet melody,
So soone as life was fled :

For whom king Arthur and his knights
Full forty daies did mourne ;
And, in remembrance of his name
That was so strangely borne,

He built a tomb of marble gray,
And yeare by yeare did come
To celebrate the mournfull day,
And buriall of Tom Thum. 330

Whose fame still lives in England here,
Amongst the countrey sort ;
Of whom our wives and children small
Tell tales of pleasant sport.



THE LOVERS QUARREL:

OR,

CUPIDS TRIUMPH.

THE LOVERS QUARREL:

OR,

CUPIDS TRIUMPH.

THE LOVERS QUARREL:

OR,

CUPIDS TRIUMPH.

THIS "pleasant History," which "may be sung to the tune of Floras Farewell," is here republished from a copy printed at London for F. Cotes and others, 1677, 12mo. bl. l. preserved in the curious and valuable collection of that excellent and most respected antiquary Antony à Wood, in the Ashmolean Museum; compared with another impression, for the same partners, without date, in the editors possession. A different copy of the poem, more in the ballad-form, was published, and may be found among the kings pamphlets in the Brit. Museum. Both copies are conjectured to have been modernised, by different persons, from some common original, which has hitherto eluded the vigilance of collectors, but is strongly suspected to have been the composition of an old North country minstrel.

The full title is—"The Lovers quarrel: or Cupids Triumph: being the pleasant history of Fair Rosamond of Scotland. Being daughter to the lord Arundel, whose love was obtained by the valour of Tommy Pots: who conquered the lord Phenix, and wounded him, and after obtained her to be his wife. Being very delightful to read."



Or all the lords in Scotland fair,
And ladies that been so bright of blee,
There is a noble lady among them all,
And report of her you shall hear by me.

For of her beauty she is bright,
And of her colour very fair,
She's daughter to lord Arundel,
Approv'd his parand and his heir.

Ile see this bride, lord Phenix said,
That lady of so bright a blee,
And if I like her countenance well,
The heir of all my lands she'st be,

But when he came the lady before,
Before this comely maid came he,
O god thee save, thou lady sweet,
My heir and parand thou shalt be.

Leave off your suit, the lady said,
As you are a lord of high degree,
You may have ladies enough at home,
And I have a lord in mine own country ; 20

For I have a lover true of mine own,
A serving-man of low degree,
One Tommy Pots it is his name,
My first love, and last that ever shall be.

If that Tom Pots [it] is his name,
I do ken him right verily,
I am able to spend fourty pounds a week,
Where he is not able to spend pounds three.

God give you good of your gold, she said,
And ever god give you good of your fee, 30
Tom Pots was the first love that ever I had,
And I do mean him the last to be.

With that lord Phenix soon was mov'd,
Towards the lady did he threat,
He told her father, and so it was prov'd,
How his [fair] daughters mind was set.

O daughter dear, thou art my own,
The heir of all my lands to be,
Thou shalt be bride to the lord Phenix,
If that thou mean to be heir to me. 40

O father dear, I am your own,
And at your command I needs must be,
But bind my body to whom you please,
My heart, Tom Pots, shall go with thee.

Alas! the lady her fondness must leave,
And all her foolish wooing lay aside,
The time is come, her friends have [fix'd],
That she must be lord Phenix bride.

With that the lady began to weep,
She knew not well then what to say, 50
How she might lord Phenix deny,
And escape from marriage quite away.

She call'd unto her little foot-page,
Saying, I can trust none but thee,
Go carry Tom Pots this letter fair,
And bid him on Guildford-green meet me :

For I must marry against my mind,
Or in faith well proved it shall be ;
And tell to him I am loving and kind,
And wishes him this wedding to see. 60

V. 47. appointed.

But see that thou note his countenance well,
And his colour, and shew it to me;
And go thy way and ['hie'] thee again,
And forty shillings I will give thee.

For if he smile now with his lips,
His stomach will give him to laugh at the heart,
Then may I seek another true love,
For of Tom Pots small is my part.

But if he blush now in his face,
Then in his heart he will sorry be,
Then to his vow he hath some grace,
And false to him I'll never be.

70

Away this lacky-boy he ran,
And a full speed forsooth went he,
Till he came to Strawberry-castle,
And there Tom Pots came he to see.

He gave him the letter in his hand,
Before that he began to read,
He told him plainly by word of mouth,
His love was fore'd to be lord Phenix bride. 80

When he look'd on the letter fair,
The salt tears blemished his eye,
Says, I cannot read this letter fair,
Nor never a word to see or spy.

V. 63. high.

My little boy be to me true,
Here is five marks I will give thee,
And all these words I must peruse,
And tell my lady this from me :

By faith and troth she is my own,
By some part of promise, so it's to be found, 90
Lord Phoenix shall not have her night nor day,
Except he can win her with his own hand.

On Guildford-green I will her meet,
Say that I wish her for me to pray,
For there I'll lose my life so sweet,
Or else the wedding I mean to stay.

Away this lackey-boy he ran,
Then as fast as he could hie,
The lady she met him two miles of the way,
Says, why hast thou staid so long, my boy ? 100

My little boy, thou art but young,
It gives me at heart thou'lt mock and scorn,
He not believe thee by word of mouth,
Unless on this book thou wilt be sworn.

Now by this book, the boy did say,
And Jesus Christ be as true to me,
Tom Pots could not read the letter fair,
Nor never a word to spy or see.

He says, by faith and troth you are his own,
By some part of promise, so it's to be found, 110
Lord Phenix shall not have you night nor day,
Except he win you with his own hand.

On Guildford-green he will you meet,
He wishes you for him to pray,
For there he'l lose his life so sweet,
Or else the wedding he means to stay.

If this be true, my little boy,
These tidings which thou tellest to me,
Forty shillings I did thee promise,
Here is ten pounds I will give thee. 120

My maidens all, the lady said,
That ever wish me well to prove,
Now let us all kneel down and pray,
That Tommy Pots may win his love.

If it be his fortune the better to win,
As I pray to Christ in trinity,
He make him the flower of all his kin,
For the young lord Arundel he shall be.

THE SECOND PART.

LET's leave talking of this lady fair,
In prayers full good where she may be ; 130
Now let us talk of Tommy Pots,
To his lord and master for aid went he.

But when he came lord Jockey before,
He kneeled lowly on his knee,
What news ? what news ? thou Tommy Pots,
Thou art so full of courtesie,

What tydings ? what tydings ? thou Tommy Pots,
Thou art so full of courtesie ;
Thou hast slain some of thy fellows fair,
Or wrought to me some villany. 140

I have slain none of my fellows fair,
Nor wrought to you no villany,
But I have a love in Scotland fair,
And I fear I shall lose her with poverty.

If you'l not believe me by word of mouth,
But read this letter, and you shall see,
Here by all these suspitious words
That she her own self hath sent to me.

But when he had read the letter fair,
Of all the suspicious words in it might be, 150
O Tommy Pots, take thou no care,
Thou'st never lose her with poverty.

For thou'st have forty pounds a week,
In gold and silver thou shalt row,
And Harvy-town I will give thee,
As long as thou intend'st to woove.

Thou'st have forty of thy fellows fair,
And forty horses to go with thee,
Forty of the best spears I have,
And I myself in thy company. 160

I thank you, master, said Tommy Pots,
That proffer is too good for me ;
But, if Jesus Christ stand on my side,
My own hands shall set her free.

God be with you, master, said Tommy Pots,
Now Jesus Christ you save and see ;
If ever I come alive again,
Staid the wedding it shall be.

O god be your speed, thou Tommy Pots,
Thou art well proved for a man, 170
See never a drop of blood thou spil,
Nor yonder gentleman confound.

See that some truce with him thou take,
And appoint a place of liberty;
Let him provide him as well as he can,
As well provided thou shalt be.

But when he came to Guildford-green,
And there had walkt a little aside,
There he was ware of lord Phenix come,
And lady Rosamond his bride.

180

Away by the bride then Tommy Pots went,
But never a word to her he did say,
Till he the lord Phenix came before,
He gave him the right time of the day.

O welcome, welcome, thou Tommy Pots,
Thou serving-man of low degree,
How doth thy lord and master at home,
And all the ladies in that country?

My lord and master is in good health,
I trust since that I did him see;
Will you walk with me to an out-side,
Two or three words to talk with me?

190

You are a noble man, said Tom
And born a lord in Scotland free,
You may have ladies enough at home,
And never take my love from me.

L

Away, away, thou Tommy Pots,
Thou serving-man stand thou aside;
It is not a serving-man this day,
That can hinder me of my bride.

200

If I be a serving-man, said Tom,
And you a lord of high degree,
A spear or two with you I'll run,
Before I'll lose her cowardly.

Appoint a place, I will thee meet,
Appoint a place of liberty,
For there I'll lose my life so sweet,
Or else my lady I'll set free.

On Guildford-green I will thee meet,
No man nor boy shall come with me.
As I am a man, said Tommy Pots,
I'll have as few in my company.

210

And thus staid the marriage was,
The bride unmarried went home again,
Then to her maids fast did she laugh,
And in her heart she was full fain.

My maidens all, the lady said,
That ever wait on me this day,
Now let us all kneel [lowly] down,
And for Tommy Pots let us all Pray.

220

If it be his fortune the better to win,
As I trust to god in trinity,
He make him the flower of all his kin,
For the young lord Arundel he shall be.

THE THIRD PART.

WHEN Tom Pots came home again,
To try for his love he had but a week,
For sorrow, god wot, he need not care,
For four days that he fel sick.

With that his master to him came,
Says, praythee, Tom Pots, tell me if thou doubt,
Whether thou hast gotten thy gay lady,
Or thou must go thy love without.

O master, yet it is unknown,
Within these two days well try'd it must be,
He is a lord, I am but a serving-man,
I fear I shall lose her with poverty.

I prethee, Tom Pots, get thee on thy feet,
My former promises kept shall be;
As I am a lord in Scotland fair,
Thou'st never lose her with poverty.

For thou'st have the half of my lands a year,
And that will raise thee many a pound,
Before thou shalt out-braved be,
Thou shalt drop angels with him on the ground.

I thank you, master, said Tommy Pots,
Yet there is one thing of you I would fain,
If that I lose my lady sweet,
How I'st restore your goods again ?

If that thou win the lady sweet,
Thou mayst well forth thou shalt pay me, 250
If thou loosest thy lady thou locest enough,
Thou shalt not pay me one penny.

You have thirty horses in one close,
You keep them all both frank and free,
Amongst them all there's an old white horse
This day would set my lady free ;

• That is an old horse with a cut tail,
Full sixteen years of age is he ;
If thou wilt lend me that old horse,
Then could I win her easily. 260

That's a foolish opinion, his master said,
And a foolish opinion thou tak'st to thee ;
Thou'st have a better then ever he was,
Though forty pounds more it should cost me.

O your choice horses are wild and tough,
And little they can skill of their train ;
If I be out of my saddle cast,
They are so wild they'l ne'r be tain.

Thou'st have that horse, his master said,
If that one thing thou wilt tell me ; 270
Why that horse is better then any other,
I pray thee Tom Pots shew thou to me.

That horse is old, of stomach bold,
And well can he skill of his train,
If I be out of my saddle cast,
He'l either stand still, or turn again.

Thou'st have the horse with all my heart,
And my plate coat of silver free,
An hundred men to stand at thy back,
To fight if he thy master be. 280

I thank you master, said Tommy Pots,
That proffer is too good for me,
I would not for ten thousand pounds
Have man or boy in my company.

God be with you, master, said Tommy Pots,
Now as you are a man of law,
One thing let me crave at your hand,
Let never a one of my fellows know.

V. 270. me tell.

For if that my fellows they did wot,
Or ken of my extremity, 290
Except you keep them under a lock,
Behind me I am sure they would not be.

But when he came to Guildford-green,
He waited hours two or three,
There he was ware of lord Phenix come,
And four men in his company.

You have broken your vow, said Tommy Pöts,
The vow which you did make to me,
You said you would bring neither man nor boy,
And now has brought more than two or three.

These are my men, lord Phenix said,
Which every day do wait on me ;
If any of these dare proffer to strike,
I'll run my spear through his body.

I'll run no race now, said Tommy Pots,
Except now this may be,
If either of us be slain this day,
The other shall forgiven be.

I'll make that vow with all my heart,
My men shall bear witness with me ; 310
And if thou slay me here this day.
In Scotland worse belov'd thou never shalt be.

They turn'd their horses thrice about,
 To run the race so eagerly ;
 Lord Phenix he was fierce and stout,
 And ran Tom Pots through the thick o' th' thigh.

He bor'd him out of the saddle fair,
 Down to the ground so sorrowfully.
 For the loss of my life I do not care,
 But for the loss of my fair lady. 320

Now for the loss of my lady sweet,
 Which once I thought to have been my wife,
 I pray thee, lord Phenix, ride not away,
 For with thee I would end my life.

Tom Pots was but a serving-man,
 But yet he was a doctor good,
 He bound his handkerchief on his wound,
 And with some kind of words he stancht his blood.*

He leapt into his saddle again,
 The blood in his body began to warm, 330
 He mist lord Phenix body fair,
 And ran him through the brawn of the arm :

He bor'd him out of his saddle fair,
 Down to the ground most sorrowfully ;
 Says, prethee, lord Phenix, rise up and fight,
 Or yield my lady unto me.

* i. e. he made use of a charm for that purpose.

Now for to fight I cannot tell,
And for to fight I am not sure ;
Thou hast run me throw the brawn o' the arm,
That with a spear I may not endure. 340

Thou'st have the lady with all my heart,
It was never likely better to prove
With me, or any nobleman else
That would hinder a poor man of his love.

Seeing you say so much, said Tommy Pots,
I will not seem your butcher to be,
But I will come and stanch your blood,
If any thing you will give me.

As he did stanch lord Phenix blood,
Lord ! in his heart he did rejoice ; 350
I'll not take the lady from you thus,
But of her you'st have another choice.

Here is a lane of two miles long,
At either end we set will be,
The lady shall stand us among,
Her own choice shall set her free.

If thou'ld do so, lord Phenix said,
To lose her by her own choice it's honesty,
Chuse whether I get her or go her without,
Forty pounds I will give thee. 360

But when they in that lane was set,
The wit of a woman for to prove,
By the faith of my body, the lady said,
Then Tom Pots must needs have his love.

Towards Tom Pots the lady did hie,
To get on behind him hastily ;
Nay stay, nay stay, lord Phenix said,
Better proved it shall be.

Stay you with your maidens here,
In number fair they are but three ; 370
Tom Pots and I will go behind yonder wall,
That one of us two be proved to dye.

But when they came behind the wall,
The one came not the other nigh,
For the lord Phenix had made a vow,
That with Tom Pots he would never ' try.'

O give me this choice, lord Phenix said, '
To prove whether true or false she be,
And I will go to the lady fair,
And tell her Tom Pots slain is he. 380

When he came from behind the wall,
With his face all bloody as it might be,
O lady sweet, thou art my own,
For Tom Pots slain is he.

V. 376. fight.

Now have I slain him, Tommy Pots,
And given him death's wounds two or three ;
O lady sweet, thou art my own,
Of all loves, wilt thou live with me ?

If thou hast slain him, Tommy Pots,
And given him death's wounds two or three, ²⁹⁰
I'll sell the state of my father's lands,
But hanged shall lord Phenix be.

With that the lady fell in a swoond,
For a grieved woman, god wot, was she ;
Lord Phenix he was ready then,
To take her up so hastily.

O lady sweet, stand thou on thy feet,
Tom Pots alive this day may be ;
I'll send for thy father, lord Arundel,
And he and I the wedding will see ;

400

I'll send for thy father, lord Arundel,
And he and I the wedding will see ;
If he will not maintain you well,
Both lands and livings you'll have of me.

I'll see this wedding, lord Arundel said,
Of my daughter's luck that is so fair,
Seeing the matter will be no better,
Of all my lands Tom Pots shall be the heir.

With that the lady began for to smile,
For a glad woman, god wot, was she ; 410
Now all my maids, the lady said,
Example you may take by me.

But all the ladies of Scotland fair,
And lasses of England, that well would prove,
Neither marry for gold nor goods,
Nor marry for nothing but only love :

For I had a lover true of my own,
A serving-man of low degree ;
Now from Tom Pots I'll change his name,
For the young lord Arundel he shall be. 420



GLOSSARY.

ABRAIDE. *The word at seems to be wanting :*

At a braide; *at a push ; at a start. It may, however, only mean abroad.*

Adrad. *afraid.*

Albidene. [*altogether, wholly, entirely.*]

Algatys. *by all means.*

Als. [*as.*]

Among. *between, occasionally.*

And. *an, if.*

Apayde. *satisfied, contented.*

Are. Goddys are. *Gods heir or son, i. e. Jesus Christ.*

Array. *dress, clothing.*

Arrayed, *freighted, furnished.*

Assay. Assaye. *essay, try, prove.*

Assoyld. *absolved.*

At. [*to.*]

Atwyn. *asunder.*

Avaunced. *advanced, preferred.*

Avowe. *a vow, an oath.*

Awyse. *advise, consider, take heed?*

Ayenst. *against.*

Bald. [*bold, certain, well-assured.* Sax.]

Bale. *misery, sorrow, evil.*

Bargan. *business, commission.*

Barker. *a tanner, so called from his using bark.*

Bedys. *beads.*

Belyfe, Belyve. *immediately.*

Bescro. *bescrew, curse.*

Besett. *laid out, bestowed, disposed of.*

Bestadde. *situated, placed, circumstanced.*

Bett. *better.* Ware hytt bett. p. 82. *lay it out to more advantage.*

Bil. *bill, an old English weapon, also called "a poll-axe."*

Blee. *colour, complexion.*

Blin. Blynne. *stop, cease, give over.*

Blythe. Blyve. *blithe, with spirit.*

Boltes. *arrows.*

Bor. *born.*

Bord. Borde. *jest.*

Borgh. Borowe. *bail, redeem, become pledges for, [surety].*

Bote. *boot, remedy, advantage.*

Boune. [*ready.*]

Bowne. *boon, favour.*

Brast, Braste. *burst.*

Brede. *bread.*

Bren. Brenne. *burn.*

Brent. *burnt.*

Brest. *burst, broke.*

Brochys. *ornamental pins, or buckles, like the Roman fibulæ, (with a single prong) for the breast or head-dress.*

Burde. [*board, table.*]

Buske. *bushed, addressed, prepared, got ready.*

Chaste. *chastise, correct.*

Cheke. *choaked.*

Chery fare. p. 96.

Clennesse. *cleanness, chastity.*

Clerk. *scholar.*

Cleynt. *clung.*

Clot-lether. *clouting or patching leather.*

Clypppyng. *embracing.*

Gomand. *commanded, ordered.*

Combre. *incumber, be too many for.*

Corage. *heart, spirit, inclination, disposition.*

Curtes. *courteous.*

Dame. *mistress. Oure dameys peny. Our mistresses penny.*

Dampned. *condemned.*

Ded. [*death.*]

Den. *grave.*

Dere. *hurt.*

Dern. *secret.*

Dese. [*Dais. an elevated part of the floor at the*

upper end of the hall, upon which the great dining-table stood.]

Do gladly. *eat heartily.*

Dolvyn. *delved, buried.*

Domes-men. [*judges.*]

Dongeon. *prison. The prison in old castles was generally under-ground.*

Dradde. *dreaded, feared.*

Drede. *fear, doubt.*

Drewè. *The word properly signified love, courtship, &c. and hence a love-token, or love-gift; in which sense it is used by Bp. Douglas.*

Drough. *drew.*

Dyd of. *put off.*

Dyd on. *put on.*

Enpayre. *impair.*

Everechone, Everichone, Everychone. *every one.*

Eyre. *heir.*

Eysell. *vinegar. A Jew is thus supposed to address Christ on the cross.*

Your thrust, ser hoberd, for to slake,

Eysil and galle here i the take,

Is not this good drynk?

C. C. C. P. Vespa. D. viii. fo. 183, b.

Fadur. *father. his fadur eyre, his fathers heir.*

Fare. *go.*

Fase. [*foes.*]

Favell. *flattery, cajolery. See Skeltons Bowge of*

Courte. "There she currayed *Favell* well."
There she flattered or cajoled him finely.
Favell was anciently the name of a dun-coloured horse, as Bayard was that of a bay, and Liard of a grey one. From this origin "To curry Favell" came to signify to flatter or cajole. [See Ducange, v. Favellus.] Barclay, in his "Eclogues" speaks of "Flatterers, and liars, corien of fafell;" and Puttenham calls "Curry-favel," a figure in poetry. It is now corrupted into curry favour.

Fay, Faye. *faith.*

Fayne. *fain, glad.*

Feble, Febull, Febyll. *poor, wretched, miserable.*

Feche. *fetch.*

Feffe. *enseof.*

Fell. [*hill, mountain.*]

Fere. *wife, husband, lover, friend.*

Fet. *fit, part, canto.* v. Fyt.

Feyt. *faith.*

Flyt. *shift, [place, remove.]*

Folys. *fools.*

Fom, Fome. *sea.*

Fond. *endeavour, try.*

Fone. *foes.*

Forbode. *commandment.* Over gods forbode.

(Præter dei præceptum sit.) q. d. *God for-*

bid. (PERCY.)

Fordo. *undo, ruin, destroy.*

Forlorne. [*lose. foplopen, Sax.*]

Forth. p. 148.

Forthoght. *thought of, remembered.*

Forthynketh. *grieveth, vexeth.*

Fosters. *foresters.*

Fote. *foot.*

Found. *supported, maintained*

Freke. *fellow.*

Frith. [*wood, forest.*]

Froo. *from.*

Fyt, Fytt, Fytte. *fit, part, canto, strain.*

Gamin. [*game, pleasure, sport. gamen, Sax.*]

Gar, Ger. [*cause, make.*]

Gest. [*guest.*]

Gip, Guep. *a term of contempt.*

God, Gode. *goods, merchandize, property.*

Godamarsey. *a corruption of Gramercy. See Gramarcy.*

Goo. *gone.*

Goon. *go.*

Gramarcy. *thanks, grand mercie.*

Gre. [*prize.*]

Greece. Hart of Greece. p. 21.

Gryse. *a species of fur.*

Gyse. *way, manner, method.*

Harowed. *ravaged, ransacked. Christ, after his crucifixion, made an inroad into hell, and plundered it of all the souls he thought worth carrying off.*

Hatche. *a low or half door.*

He. [*they.*]

Hedur. *hither.*

Hele. *health.*

Hem. *him.*

Hende. *civil, gentle.*

Hente. *take.*

Hes. *his.*

Het. *it.*

Hie, Hy. *go, run, come, hasten, return speedily.*

Hight. *was called.*

Honge. *hang, be hanged.*

Howr. *our.*

Howyn. *own.*

Hyght. *promised.*

Hyne. p. 35. *a hind is a servant.*

Ilk, Ilka. [*each, every.*]

Kele. *cool.*

Kneen. *knees.*

Kynd. *nature.*

Lagh. *laugh.*

Laghing. *laughing.*

Lante. *lent.*

Launde. *plain, open part of a forest :*
lande, F.

Leace, Leasyng, Lesyng. *lying, falsehood,*
doubt.

Lee. *plain, open field.*

Lefe. p. 24. *agreeable.* that is the lefe. p. 46.

that is so dear to thee ; whom thou art so fond of ; dear, or beloved. Be hym lefe, or hym lothe. p. 96. Let him like it or not ; let him be agreeable or unwilling.

Leffe. *leave.*

Leman, Lemman. *mistress, concubine, lover, gallant, paramour.*

Lene. *lend.*

Lenger. *longer.*

Lenkithes. [*lengthers.*]

Lere. *learn.*

Lese. [*unbind, loosen.*]

Lette. p. 46. *delay.* Lette not for this. p. 51. *be not hindered or prevented by what has happened from proceeding.*

Letteth. *let, hinder, prevent.*

Leve. *believe.*

Lever. *rather, sooner.*

Lewde. *foolish.*

Lewe. [*dear, beloved.*]

Lightile, Lyghtly, Lyghtlye, *quickly, nimbly.*

Linde, Lynde. *the linden or lime tree ; a tree in general.*

Lith. *incline, attend.*

Lordeyne. *fellow.* From lourdin or falourdin, Fr.

Lordyngys. *sirs, masters, gentlemen.*

Lore. *doctrine.*

Lough, Low, Lowhe. *laugh, laughed.*

Loves. Of all loves. p. 154. *an adjuration fre-*

quently used by Shakspeare and contemporary writers.

Lowde and styлле. *windy and calm ; foul and fair ; i. e. in all seasons ; at all times.*

Lowsed. *let go, let fly.*

Luf. [*love.*]

Lust, Lyst. *desire, inclination.*

Lystenyth. *listen.*

Lyte. *little.*

Lyve. *life.*

Mase. [*makes.*]

Masers. *drinking cups.*

Maugre. *in spite of.*

Maugref, Mawgrefe. *ill-will.*

Maystry. More maystry. *something in a more masterly or capital stile ; a still cleverer thing. [mastership, control.]*

Mell. [*meddle, interfere.*]

Menyvere. *a sort of fur.*

Mese. [*messes, dishes.*]

Mestoret. *needed.*

Met. *meet, meted, measured.*

Metelesse. *meatless, without meat.*

Meyny. *assembly, multitude.*

Mo. *more.*

Mote. *might, may, [moot, contend.]*

Mought. *might.*

Myrthes. *pleasant passages, merry adventures.*

Nar. *nor, than.*

Ne. [*nor.*]

Nete. *cows, horned cattle.*

Newefangylnes. *novelty.*

Neys. *nice, fine.*

Noght. [*not.*]

Nones. *nonce, occasion.*

Nowchys of golde. *ornaments for a womans dress; but not certain whether necklaces or hair pins.*

Nygromancere. *necromancer.*

Nothing. [*sparing, niggardly.* *This Saxon word, used apparently in the same sense, in "The geste of kyng Horn," (Met. Rom. ii. 99.) Mr. Ritson explains, (from Lye) a wicked or good-for-nothing man, an outlaw or vagabond:" an interpretation which in neither of these instances can be properly applicable.]*

Offycyal. *the commissary or judge of a bishops court.*

Ondedyn. *undid, untied.*

Onlyve. *alive.*

Oon. *Not at oon. Not at one, not friends.*

Ordynaunce. *enjoined or regular practice.*

Other. *either.*

Out horne. *summoning horn, horn blown (as if to arms) in time of danger.*

Paramour, Paramowre. *mistress, concubine.*

Parand. *His parand and his heir. p. 137. his*

- heir apparent.* My heir and parand. p. 138.
my heir apparent.
- Pay. *satisfaction.*
- Pees. *peace, pardon.*
- Pellettes. [*balls.*]
- Perry. *jewels, precious stones.*
- Plyght. *pledge, give, plight, condition.*
- Prece. *Inprece. in a press, in a crowd, in a throng.*
- Preced. *pressed, thronged; pressed forward.*
- Preker. *rider.*
- Prekyd. *rode up, rode.*
- Prestly. *readily, quickly.*
- Preve. *prove.*
- Pryme. *morning; "The first quarter of the artificial day." (TYRWHITT.)*
- Pyne. *pain, torment.*
- Quarel. *cause, suit.*
- Quest. *inquest, jury.*
- Quod. *quoth, said.*
- Quyte. *quit, pay, discharge.*
- Rad. [*afraid.*]
- Rech. *reck, care for.*
- Rede. *advice, counsel, advise.*
- Remewe. *remove.*
- Remlant. [*rest, remainder, remnant.*]
- Renne. *run.*
- Rere-soperys. *after-suppers, "little small banquets, intermixed with collations and reer-suppers." Rabelais, 1653.*

Rewth. *ruth, pity.*

Rode, Rood. *cross.*

Ryall, *royal, magnificent.*

Sad. [*sound, steady.*]

Saffe. *save.*

Safurs. *sapphires.*

Same. All in same. [All together. "To daunce they wente *alle yn same.*" Launfal. (v. 64.)

Ritson, Met. Rom. i. 199.]

Saw. [*saying, dede and saw, word and deed.*]

Saye. *saw.*

Sayne. *say.*

Schrewe. *shrew, wicked or cursed one.*

Scredely. *shrewdly.*

Se. *seen, see, regard, superintend, keep in sight.*

Sen. *since.*

Sesse. Fesse and sesse. *enfeof and seise, sub. in house or land.*

Sheene. p. 12.

Shent. Make officers shent. *cause them to be reprimanded.*

Shete. *shoot.*

Shot-window. *a window that opens and shuts by a sliding frame.*

Side. [*long. Trail side, to have a sweeping train.*]

Slawe. *slain.*

Smotley. *pleasantly.*

Sompnere. *summoner or apparitor; an officer who serves the summonses or citations of the spiritual court. See Chaucers Canterbury Tales.*

Sothe, Suth. *truth.*

Sowne. *sound.*

Soyt. *soth, sooth, truth.*

Sper, Spyrre. *ask, enquire.*

Spercles. *sparks (of fire).*

Sprynge. [*a tune.*]

Spycerè. *spices.*

Stalworthest. [*strongest.*]

State. *estate.*

Sted. [*bested, circumstanced.*]

Stede and Stall. [*place and country.*]

Stere. *steer, rule, govern.*

Serte. *started, flew. Serte in the waye. started, rushed hastily, flew into the street.*

Stevyn. [*voice.*]

Store. *strong, value.*

Stound. *hour, time.*

Stowre. *fight.*

Stynte. *stay.*

Suspitious. *significant.*

Sweythyli. *swiftly.*

Swilk. [*such.*]

Syke. *sigh.*

Syth. *since.*

Tale-wyse. *addicted to tale-bearing.*

Tan. *taken.*

Tane. *take.*

Teene. *grief, sorrow.*

Tempre. *correct, manage.*

Tent. *heed.*

The. *thrive.*

Tho. *then.*

Throng. *ran.*

To. *two.*

Trate. *hag.*

Trew mannys lyfe. *the life of an honest man.*

Trysty. *trusty.*

Undurnome. *taken up, received, or entertained
(as a notion).*

Undurzode. *understood.*

Unnethes. *scarcely.*

Verament. *truly.*

Villany, Vylany. *mischief, injury.*

Vowsed. p. 62. [*used?*]

Voyded. *avoided, withdrew, made off, got out of
the way.*

Vyleus. *vile, villainous, shameful.*

Waik. [*weak.*]

Waran. *warn.*

Ware. *expend, lay out, purchase.*

Warne. *prevent, hinder.*

Wed. [*pledge, pawn.*]

Wede. *coat, cloak, dress, attire, clothing.*

Werke. "Thy furst werke," p. 90, *thy first*

working ; the first thing thou doest. So in "The book of thesynemens and techynges of the knyght of the Toure," printed by Caxton: "And by cause that the fyrst werke and labour that man or woman ought to doo is for to adoure and worshipec our lord and saye his ser-vyse, &c." Sig. a iij. Again, in "The history of kynges Ponthus of Galyce," 1511, "And his first werke was whan he was aysen to wasshe his handes to saye his prayers and to here his masse ryght devoutely." By an unaccountable mistake it was, in the former edition, printed and explained "Thy furst weke, at thy first waking."

Wend. *go.*

Wende. *weened, thought.*

Were. *p. 96.*

Wet, Wete. *know.*

Wight, WYGH. *strong.*

Wis, Wys. *throw, think, take it.*

Witty. [*wise.*]

Wode, WOOD. *mad.*

Wone. *hesitation.*

Wost. *wottest, knowest.*

Wreste. *turn.* Wreste it all amysse, p. 51. *turn it the wrong way : a metaphor from tuning the harp.*

Wyle. *feint, device, trick.*

Wynde. *wend, go.*

Wynke. *sleep.*

Wynne. *earn, get ; come.*

Wyrche. *work, conduct thyself.*

Wyste. *knew, was aware.*

Wyte. *blame.*

Wytt. *know.* Do the wele to wytt. *let thee perfectly know.*

Y. *I.*

Y-do. *done.*

Yede. *went.*

Yeffe. *if.*

Yeffor. *ever.*

Yerde. [*rod.*]

Yernid. [*coveted, desired.*]

Yong men. Yonge men. *Yeomen.* See Spelmanni Glossarium, vv. Juniores, Yeoman.

Yslaw. *slain.*

Ywys. *I trow, I know.*

Zyt. *yet.*



THE END.

WORKS OF MR. RITSON,
edited by his nephew, and published, in cr. 8vo., by
PAYNE AND FOSS, AND WILLIAM PICKERING.

I.
THE LIFE OF KING ARTHUR.

From Ancient Historians and Authentic Documents, 10s.

II.
MEMOIRS OF THE CELTS, OR GAULS.

12s.

III.
ANNALS OF THE CALEDONIANS,
Picts and Scots; and of Strath-clyde, Cumberland, Galloway,
and Murray. 2 vols. 1*l.* 4s.

IV.
ANCIENT SONGS AND BALLADS,
From the reign of King Henry the Second, to the Revolution.
Second Edition, with Additions. 2 vols. 1*l.* 4s.

V.
FAIRY TALES.
Now first collected. To which are prefixed two Dissertations.
1. ON PYGMIES. 2. ON FAIRIES. 9s.

VI.
ROBIN HOOD.
A collection of all the ancient Poems, Songs, and Ballads,
extant, relative to that celebrated English Outlaw. With
historical anecdotes of his Life. Illustrated with Wood-cuts,
designed by Stothard, and engraved by Bewick. Second
Edition, with Additions. 2 vols. 1*l.* 1s.

VII.
THE LETTERS OF JOSEPH RITSON, Esq.
Chiefly from originals in the possession of his nephew. To
which is prefixed A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR. By Sir Harris
Nicolas, K. C. M. G. 2 vols. 18s.

BOOK CARD

821.2

R61-2

AUTHOR Ritson

TITLE Ancient popular poetry

3794

SIGNATURE

ISS'D

RET'D

A. I. Bader

Free. (Hnl.)

